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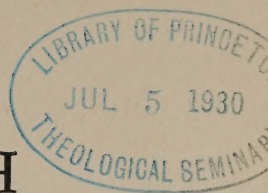
BY
✓
BERNARD CLEMENTS, O.S.B.

RECTOR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE
KUMASI, WEST AFRICA

WITH A PREFACE BY THE
REV. H. F. B. MACKAY, M.A.
VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', MARGARET STREET, W.

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
LONDON ♦ NEW YORK ♦ TORONTO

1930



PHILIP COMPTON

TO ANDREW

ANDREW COMPTON

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TO
MY MOTHER

WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME TO LOVE JESUS

PREFACE

THERE is a great charm about a collection of fugitive pieces. It affords tantalising glimpses of the mind of the writer, like those first glimpses of a landscape we are approaching which makes us eager to see the whole.

So, I am glad, my dear Father, that you have been too busy to finish the book you have in store for us, and have sent us this varied volume to whet our appetites.

Some of these pieces recall to us memories of a ministry we have learnt to value very deeply, others bring us into touch with your African work.

Perhaps we need the Notes on Prayer more than anything else.

You remember the great financier in John Oliver Hobbes' novel who prayed every night when he went to bed that God would give him a white pony. He had begun to pray for a white pony when he was six years old and had never relinquished the practice. I am afraid herds of white ponies are being asked for every day; and it is perhaps an illustration of the fact that God does not hear thoughtless prayers that we so rarely see a white pony. The Notes on Prayer should help us to understand and to keep the first three Commandments.

You have placed your book under the patronage of the Holy Name of Jesus, as Bernardino of Siena would have done; and we shall all pray that it may bring men to take that Name more devoutly and more often on their lips.

H. F. B. MACKAY.

A FEW REMARKS

THIS book is published by the most long-suffering of publishers.

Three years ago they courteously invited me to submit to them with a view to publication a book on a totally different subject. On the point of agreeing to do this, I came to Africa, where my work has lain since; and the proposed book is still only in my imagination and theirs, owing to lack of time and the absence of many books of reference which I should require in order to do what they want.

When in the early part of this year I was in England for a few busy months, I spent a very happy Holy Week at All Saints', Margaret Street, with Fr. Mackay, and preached many times on the "Anima Christi." Fr. Hart, C.R., afterwards wrote to me and said that these addresses might be welcome to a larger audience if they were printed; so with some trepidation, and with the approval of my superiors, I approached Messrs. Longmans with this new project, and they once again most kindly said they would like to publish the thing for me.

Time has passed, and the date by which I promised the manuscript has long since slipped by, and this present book is no longer what Fr. Hart suggested. I have been too much occupied, first with Diocesan Synod, then with the ordinary term's work of College. For the past month, in heavy rains, one works in College in the

morning; in the afternoon it is too hot to do much serious work, and in the evening comes the nightly tornado and blows out all lamps of any size or use for typing by. But the mornings are glorious, and I have seized this morning to write these few paragraphs. Everything is cool and fresh and green, and the birds are singing really well—contrary to what most folk imagine and some say, the birds' notes here are many of them worth listening to. So let us forget that last night I got up three times to move my bed to a different position to dodge the rain coming through my roof, and we will enjoy the quiet morning together, and I will try to finish what I want to say.

.
This is a very mixed collection. "Anima Christi" and "Resurrection" are sermons preached at All Saints', Margaret Street, this year on the evenings of Palm Sunday and Easter Day. "The Good Shepherd" was preached in Canterbury Cathedral on a Sunday evening in Eastertide, a week-end very memorable to me for the great kindness I received there, and for being allowed to celebrate the Holy Mysteries the next morning in the little chapel by the Martyrdom. "Waiting for the Promise of the Father" was another sermon, preached in St. Paul's Cathedral on the Sunday after Ascension, with the urgent problem before me of finishing in time to catch a train to Chester, where I had to preach the same night. The Address to the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament was an attempt to bring to a fitting close in the Church

House the greatest annual conference the C.B.S. has ever held. Parts of it were also given to an overflow meeting in Trevelyan Hall. The sermon on Christian Dis-Union and the Wisdom of God was preached at Accra before the Governor of the Colony this October, on a rather strenuous "half-term holiday"—ten and a half hours by train each way. "Through a Glass Darkly" deals with Christianity and Native Custom. It was a sermon preached to an African congregation in Kumasi two years ago. One or two parts of this I should alter slightly if I re-wrote it now, but it stands in all main details as I would have it. The Notes on Prayer are exactly as they were given to African students for the Priesthood during their first year in the College. They are not written for—and in some respects perhaps not adapted for—Europeans, but Messrs. Longmans asked for them in this untouched form. Only they represent an attempt to teach men to *know* Jesus as well as knowing *about* Him. If I may say so, I think there is room for the same attempt (more happily done, and by greater experts in the Love of Jesus) in the way we teach religion in England to the generations who will come after us; but this can be only indirectly my concern at the moment.

Some of these are reprinted from the *Church Times* by the courtesy of the editor, one is reprinted from *Laudate*, and a few have not appeared before.

A poor little lot, and I only put them forward on the word of people I trust who tell me that our

Lord would have them in this form for others to read. And if it seems to me, as it often does, that my footsteps have strayed this year into several places rather too prominent and important for a fussy and irritable and not very fervent lover of Jesus, I have tried to bear in mind that it was on an ass that He chose to ride into Jerusalem on His one triumphal procession, and that it would have been a very foolish ass indeed who supposed that the Hosannas and the palm branches were for *itself*.

.

The title I have given the book will explain itself if you will read the text I have printed after it. To me the whole world with various voices seems at the moment to cry out to me, as the Greeks did to Philip: "Sir, we would see Jesus." And so often we don't show Him to them. We show them, instead, our rather disagreeable selves, and all our likes and dislikes, and our quarrels, petty and great. Many things we show them, but so often not Jesus. And they turn rather wistfully away. Sometimes they turn impatiently and contemptuously away; and they judge of *Jesus*, by what they see of *us*, whereas they would have judged differently if we had showed Him to them in very truth, as we could have done.

So, just as Philip came to Andrew, I come to you, so that together we may tell Jesus, and see what He would have us do about it.

BERNARD CLEMENTS.

KUMASI, WEST AFRICA,
26th November 1929.

NOTE.—I desire to thank very much Fr. Hart, C.R., for so kindly offering to see this book through the press for me in the midst of all his own pressure of work ; also Mr. K. P. Sakiama, student of St. Augustine's College, Kumasi, for the rather dreary job of correcting typescript; and Fr. Mackay for promising to write a little foreword for me. His help and sympathy have influenced one or two things in my life more than I think he knows.

B. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE

To render some assistance in getting this book through the press has been to me a real delight. Its author would, I know, wish me to acknowledge on his behalf the courtesy of the S.P.C.K. and the Editor of the *Church Times* in permitting him to incorporate in this book his article "How to Pray" (*Theology*, August 1929) and three sermons (*Church Times*, June 3, 1927; March 28, 1926; April 26, 1929).

G. W. H.

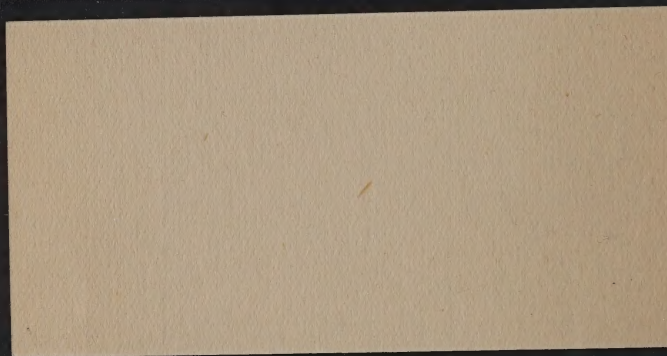
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THE quotation on pp. 64-67 is from
"The Lord of Misrule" by Mr. Alfred
Noyes, published in Vol. 3 of his "Collected
Poems" by Messrs. William Blackwood &
Sons, Ltd.



PHILIP COMETH TO ANDREW

ANIMA CHRISTI

“Now is my soul troubled ; and what shall I say ?
Father, save me from this hour : but for this cause
came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy
Name.”—ST. JOHN xii. 27, 28.

WE are going to think and pray together during this Holy Week over that great prayer which we call the *Anima Christi*, which begins, as we know so well, with the words, “Soul of Christ, sanctify me.” But before we begin to consider that, I want to say a few introductory words to-night as to how I hope we shall approach that prayer. There has been ringing in my ears for months and months—indeed, I think I have heard it all the time I have been in Africa, and since I came home, and as I studied the papers that came to Africa from here—a cry from the whole world to the Church of Christ, a cry which may be expressed in the words addressed by the Greeks to St. Philip, which are recorded a few verses earlier than the passage I have chosen for my text to-night: “Sir, we would see Jesus.” As I have said, I first heard it, I think, in Africa, a call to the white men from the Africans, from those men whose forefathers we carried off as slaves and whose lands we now claim to hold in trust for them. It seems to me, too, to come from the world around

us, and in many quaint religious cults, which rise and fall again very quickly. All over the world men look wistfully at us who call ourselves Christians, and ask that in our lives we should show them Jesus. And they have a right to expect that we should. You and I are parts of the Body of Christ. We became so at our Baptism; and the world has a right to ask that in our lives it should see something resembling Jesus Christ. Even my hard and careless heart is nearly broken sometimes because I know that I could have shown the world Jesus had I willed; but so often I have not willed.

Men ask us to show Him to them; and we show them, not Jesus, but ourselves—irritable, impatient, and not in the least like Him. We are all right here, I expect, sitting in church; but over and over again we go out only to fall back into the old selfish ways. Like people who have been to the nursery to have a romp with the children and then return to their own ways again, we go back from church to our everyday life of just looking after ourselves and our own interests. But it might be so different. See what men said of our Lord, in the Second Lesson to which we have been listening to-night: "Never man spake like this Man." "Behold the whole world is gone after Him." Men do not say such things about us; but they might say it if only we would leave off showing them ourselves and begin showing Jesus to them. We could do it, you and I. Jesus makes us to be for that. It is, indeed, the whole purpose of our making, just as a

watch is made to tell the time, or a crane constructed to lift weights. If for one week, beginning to-day, you or I would show Jesus to men, and then on Holy Saturday we were to die, we should not have lived in vain. We know that that is true, though we may turn impatiently away from it.

And so we will take this great prayer, the *Anima Christi*, which asks for the complete union of our whole being with God. In it this week we will call on Him again and again and again; we will try not to oppose His coming. We must not call upon Him and then oppose His coming by sin or self-will in any shape; and all sin is self-will. So that, increasingly, as Holy Week goes on, and all our life afterwards, men may see Jesus in us.

Let us pray, then:

Soul of Christ, sanctify me;
Body of Christ, save me;
Blood of Christ, inebriate me;
Water from the Side of Christ, wash me;
Passion of Christ, strengthen me;
O good Jesu, hear me!
Within Thy Wounds hide me;
Suffer me not to be separated from Thee.
From the malicious enemy defend me;
In the hour of my death call me;
And bid me come to Thee;
That with Thy Saints I may praise Thee for
ever.

I

Then we come to this strange passage which I have read to you: "Now is My soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save Me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify Thy name." Or, as we have it in St. Matthew: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me. And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed, saying, 'O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"

The most magnificent comment which has ever been made on this mystery of the perfect, triumphant Soul of Jesus Christ being sorrowful unto death was that of St. Augustine. I will not risk spoiling it by explanation. I will read it to you, keeping as nearly as I can to the words in which the great African saint wrote it: "What is this? How dost Thou command my soul to follow, if I see Thy Soul to be troubled? How shall I bear what so great a strength finds heavy? What foundation shall I seek if the Rock breaks down? But I seem to myself to hear in my thought the Lord answering me, and somehow saying: 'Thou shalt follow the more, because so I come between that you may bear the weight. Thou hast listened to the voice of *My* strength coming to *thee*; listen now to the voice of *thy* weakness in *Me*. I bring strength that *you* may run. I keep nothing back that *you* may quicken; but I transfer to *Myself* all that *you* fear, and

I lay *Myself* as the foundation by which *you* may pass over.””

This Soul of Jesus, then, which was sorrowful even unto death, and laid itself as a foundation for us to pass over, is, if our prayer be answered, to come into us this Holy Week, to sanctify us, to make saints of us. If this is to be so, there are several points that we must consider. Let us take first in order—though it does not necessarily come first in importance—the Memory of Christ as it was with Him on that night in Gethsemane. I want you—perhaps when you are kneeling to say your prayers to-night—to kneel there under the trees with Him, and let His Memory come upon you.

Some people believe—whether or not it is true, of course, we cannot know—that when we die, not only a sort of photographic memory of every single second of our life will be clear to us, but that we shall also have what is called a “race” memory. That is to say, we shall remember, not only the things that happened to us individually, but also the things that happened to all our forefathers and ancestors, spreading and spreading back generation after generation. But Jesus did more than that during those hours in Gethsemane. He was possessed of the whole memory of the human race, not only of the past, but of the present and the future; for there is no time with God. God sees us in a point; and Jesus in Gethsemane had the memory of all the sins of the human race for all time.

We shall see Him on Good Friday, taking the whole weight of those sins upon Himself. I want you to think

of that memory; to ask that something of it may come into you and influence you in your dealings with God and men, because when Jesus knelt there in the Garden, the presence of that memory of sin was to Him, to His pure, sinless Soul, as it would be for a living body to be tied hand and foot to a dead and corrupting body. No words or thoughts of ours can picture for a moment the shrinking of the Soul of Jesus from sin. As the Soul of Christ sanctifies us, we shall remember more and more completely, day by day, all that man has been and has done to God; and we shall long in our lives to offer, so far as we are able, some reparation to God in union with Calvary, for the sins of ourselves and of our fellow-men.

II

Then there must come into us something of the Mind of Jesus. We do not, I am sure, think often enough of the tremendous, the perfect, and complete intellect of God—an intellect which Jesus possessed by the union of the human with the Divine. Sometimes we meet a man of great intellect, and we are surprised to see how quickly he understands the working of a thing, how clearly and shrewdly he can see the implications of a line of action which we had conceived, but had not been able to follow up to its logical outcome. He can see it in all its ramifications, and understands all that it implies. Jesus, with an intellect which is ten thousand times more perfect than any

ordinary human intellect that we have ever met or heard of, understands all the malice and wickedness of sin and all their implications. We forget them all too readily. But venial sin—the smallest act we have committed deliberately against God—or a greater act committed on the spur of the moment before we realise what we have done—might well cause an angel, a pure spirit, to shudder, as you and I might shudder at some corrupting mass.

III

Then, if we need the Memory and the Mind of Jesus in considering the sins of the world—the sins that He bore, the sins that we have committed—we need also something of the Will of Jesus Christ: the Will as it is revealed to us in that passage that I have quoted from St. Matthew. It ought to make us see clearly that our *feelings* do not matter at all. The thing that matters is what we force ourselves to do with our *will*. As He knelt in the Garden, Christ's feelings shrank back. "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt." St. John tells us, "Father, save Me from this hour: but for this cause came I unto this hour. Father, glorify Thy Name." Jesus was driving on with His Will to accomplish what He would do for us. He had all a natural human being's feeling of shrinking.

How strange it is that we should attach so much

importance to our feelings! Any priest who sits in the confessional knows what a vast amount of importance people attach to their feelings. They imagine that there must be something the matter with their prayers if they do not feel like saying them. Indeed, they often consider that they would be hypocrites if, feeling as they do, they continued to say them at all. But in other spheres of life none of us would recommend that people should use their feelings as a guide. What lady here would, if her maidservant confessed that she did not feel like sweeping the drawing-room to-morrow, promptly tell her that she was doing wrong to go on with her work if she did not feel like it? What schoolboy is told, when he says that he does not feel like arithmetic, that he is wrong to go on with his lesson? If a converted burglar passes a house and thinks what a convenient and delightfully easy place it would be to break into, we do not tell him that he is wrong to fight against his feelings, and that if he goes against his inclination to steal, he is behaving like a hypocrite. But this is the course we adopt in our religion all too often. If we do not feel inclined to say our prayers we imagine that we are hypocrites to go on with them.

Time and again men come to me and say that they do not think it *straight* to carry on with their prayers because they feel disinclined to say them. But they would not dream of giving this rein to their feelings in their working life. If they did, there would be no reason why they should not stay in bed in the morning

because they happened to feel disinclined for the day's work. The truth is that the Devil is very clever. We are so prone to treat him as though he were a fool; whereas we do well to remember that he is Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and possessed of all the vast abilities of an Archangel. Sometimes we treat him as though he were as stupid as ourselves.

IV

But far above the Memory, Mind, and Will of Jesus—far above, because without this one thing the others are of no use at all—we want the Love of the Soul of Jesus Christ, His perfectly pure Love. There He stood before Pilate's judgment seat, jeered at and crowned with thorns, brought out for man to mock at, there almost beaten out of the semblance of a human body, He stumbled along under the Cross on the way to Calvary, spat upon, buffeted. That was the God Who made the world. "For us men and for our salvation He came down from Heaven." At any minute, by a single motion of His Will, He could have swept the whole world into nothing. There was this gift of free will which He had given to men—we are perfectly free to choose whether we will serve Him or no and He asks us to serve Him for love. And the gift of free will was flung back into the face of God. Then, of course, He gave men another chance, even as poor human beings such as you and I are willing to give a second chance to those whom we love. "For us men

and for our salvation, He came down from Heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man."

And He was insulted—buffeted, spat upon, scourged and led to His death. At any minute, all those many hundreds of the jeering crowds of priests and Pharisees and scribes—indeed, the whole world—could have been swept away, could have just disappeared. A new world could have been created had God willed it so. The Eternal and ever Blessed Trinity could have gone on in that complete eternal love which was Theirs before the worlds began. But God did not will it so; and so He stood there on Good Friday, your King and mine, the King of Love. All through the Passion it seems to me that we can see Love shining, gleaming, blazing through like the fire in the burning bush that Moses saw. You see, Jesus loved Pilate. He loved Judas. He loved Caiaphas. He loved every single one of the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees and elders who denounced Him. He loved the man who started the game of spitting in His face, He loved the man who thrust the first nail through His hand. He loved the man who thought of the wonderful idea of making a crown of thorns. He loved the man who shouted: "Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save Thyself . . . if He be the King of Israel, let Him now come down from the Cross, and we will believe Him." Jesus loved every single one of those people far more than you and I can ever love even those who are most near and dear

to us. He loved each one individually; and at the very moment when they wrought their deadliest injury on Him, He would have died—and actually *did* die—for them. There you see the great burning bush of love, the great type, it seems to me, of Jesus in His Sacred Humanity, the fire of love burning and burning down through the ages, and the bush never consumed.

So let us pray to-night that the Soul of Jesus may sanctify you and me. Pray for me, and I will pray for you, that we may have the humility and the courage when we say that great prayer, "Soul of Christ, sanctify me," to open our hearts wide, so that He may enter in, whatever it may cost us. Do not worry too much about the cost. It will be easier to pay after He has come in; for He will come into our soul with His Memory, strike deep into it with His Mind and Will and Love; but, above all and conquering all, His Love.

We know that even in this new and hard age in which you and I live, miracles may still be wrought by Love and Faith. Let us try one. Let us see whether it is true. We talk a great deal about monstresses in these days and as to whether we may and can show Jesus in them to men, and we argue much on one side or the other. But there is one monstression which God has given to every one of us in order that we may show Jesus to the world, and we may use it without any dispute or controversy. That monstression is our human life, through which God's Presence may, if we will let it, be seen as clear as crystal. It is God's Will that

He should be seen by men in this way. Set in the monstrance of your life, right there in the centre of your heart, the living flame of Love, which is Jesus; and it may be that flame will leap from your heart to another's and another's and another's—like a forest fire, fanned by the wind of God—until the whole world is on fire for Jesus, and the ages of faith have come again.

Do not go away to-night and just say, "What a long sermon," or "what a pretty sermon," or "what an ugly sermon," or whatever you happen to think about it. Do something. Open your soul wide for God to come in; dimly, it may be, and scarcely understanding what you are doing; dimly and uncomprehendingly, perhaps not knowing what it may cost; because if you offer your soul to Jesus and ask Him to take possession of it, He will most likely take you at your word; and the pearl of great price still costs all that a man has and holds dear. But chance everything. See whether a miracle may still be wrought in these days. Let us set London on fire again; but this time not with a material flame, but with the great burning flame of the Love of Jesus. Never mind the cost: chance that, for His dear sake.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

“And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold and one shepherd.”—ST. JOHN x. 16.

EACH year as we come to Easter, if we have kept our Holy Week, we are most of us for the moment conscious only of the light and bewildering joy of Easter. Suddenly on the top of the blackness of sin, and what it cost to bear it on Calvary, comes the truth that is beyond our wildest dreams—“Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.” There are the four facts—death, and us, and life, and Jesus; the same four that confronted us on Good Friday, but they have fallen into a different pattern, like the coloured pieces of glass in the kaleidoscope with which we played when we were smaller. Or perhaps that is not really a good simile, and it is only to us that it looks different, while to God, Who is perfect Love and perfect Justice, the pattern is eternal. But we felt the bewildering joy, and when Jesus came to us on Easter morning we could only speak a few blundering words with Mary in the Garden; or perhaps

no words can ever be recorded at all, as at that first interview between St. Peter and his Risen Lord, the knowledge of which is locked up for all time in the heart of Peter and the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

And now at the top of our joy, when our eyes are just beginning to get accustomed to the light, and the Church gives us these wonderful five weeks to live and roam about in the beautiful country of Eastertide, we come upon the figure of the Good Shepherd amid the flowering blackthorn and the daffodils of this time of the year. And the Good Shepherd's concluding words in last Sunday's Gospel are still in our ears: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

I

We can see Jesus standing in that tiny Holy Land, which He never left except when as a small child He fled for His life to Africa, and there outside we can see all those other races and peoples throughout the world, who are His sheep also, and whom He will bring into His fold—all the people outside the Church who are to be brought into the Church.

There is His perfectly plain statement; and yet never in the earthly lifetime of that human Body of His which was born at Bethlehem was the promise to be fulfilled. So we pass to His Mystical Body, that wonderful Body which the Mind of God conceived—one vast human

Body, of which every baptised person should be a living part—the Catholic Church of Christ, through which He chooses to carry on exactly the same work as He wrought in the human Body which He took of Mary.

St. Paul tries, as you know, to tell us of the full wonder of this Mystical Body; and the words pour out of him as he wrestles with that which is beyond words, so that just as we think we have grasped what it means to be living limbs of that Body, we find that the limbs have turned into stones, and the Body is a Building, and soon that the stones are olive shoots grafted on to the Tree, which is Christ. But, roughly, it is true to say that the Mystical Body is one vast human body, and that you and I and every baptised person are living parts of that Body, eyes and feet and ears and hands. St. Paul went out with the great knowledge in him—a hand stretched out by the Good Shepherd to draw the “other sheep” into His fold. He met, of course, much opposition from those who maintained that it was not possible to become a Christian without first submitting to the Jewish Law; and even after the great Council of Jerusalem, he still had the battle to fight as to whether it were not a *better* thing, though no longer *necessary*, for a Christian to endeavour to keep the full Jewish Law. Those of us who go out, as it is my work at present to go out, to carry on this work, have to fight still the same feeling. I wrote recently to a prominent European in West Africa to ask him for a donation towards our College of St.

Augustine, in the diocese of Accra, where we are training Africans for the priesthood. He replied, sending me a small donation, but pointing out that, in his opinion, we were years ahead of our time in trying what we are trying to do, because these men had not yet had time to assimilate in any real degree our European methods of thought. Being of an "answering" sort of disposition, I wrote back to him that I did not see that assimilation of European methods of thought was a necessity for the priesthood; seeing that, firstly, the whole of North Africa was Christian at a time when most of England was still pagan; and that, secondly, so far as I could ascertain, neither our Blessed Lord nor any of His Apostles were Europeans. He did not reply; but the feeling still obtains in many quarters, and it will take much answering and prayer to remove it in these days, as it did in St. Paul's.

There, then, in West Africa—I only know the diocese of Accra, but it is the same throughout West Africa—is a small body of Christians, members of Christ, just as you and I are, living parts of the Body of Jesus, burning, some of them, with a far deeper love of Him than at any rate I, and probably some of you, have ever learned, praying and fighting to bring their own nation to Jesus. Most of all, they need for this priests of their own nation. How would you like to be ministered to all your lives by clergy, not only of a different nation from yourselves, but of a different colour? And here, though in England

the Church is often hard-pressed by the enemy, yet we are in greater numbers and with greater resources. Well, as in our natural body, the hands, for instance, will come to the help of a weaker limb of our body that needs strengthening, so it is to be with the Mystical Body. That is why I ask you this evening to give, it may be, a little more than you would otherwise have given. The Body through which the Good Shepherd wills to carry out the promise of our text is His Mystical Body. Out there, in West Africa, a weak member needs strength. I ask you to give it.

II

I might dwell now upon the particular needs of the diocese of Accra, where my Community for some six years has always lent three or four priests to help the Bishop, or of the Theological College at Kumasi which the Bishop has entrusted to me for the past three years, and to which I return in June. I will tell you just this, at any rate, that the Bishop by ^{the} last mail writes to me that he is only able to pay his clergy's salaries at all just now by an overdraft at the bank, and that we need very urgently £600, to build a cottage for the training of catechists. Priests we can train now, but we have still no place in which to train catechists and to give them "refresher" courses from time to time.

All this, however, is readily and easily accessible in printed papers and periodicals, particulars of which I

shall be delighted to give to anyone who cares to ask me, either after this service or by letter. Here, in the Mother Church of our communion, I want to tell you of a reason why we white men have a sacred duty to West Africa more even than to any other mission, except perhaps the West Indies.

As I came away a month or two ago from the West Coast, we passed, before we left the shores of the Accra diocese, the castle of Elmina, a great medieval castle, built in 1485 by the Portuguese, and subsequently held by the Dutch and by ourselves. It is, as you pass it thus at sea, one of the most beautiful things I ever saw, and its stones—every one of them brought from Europe in the ships of that day, and landed with incredible labour through the surf—shone white in the setting sun long after the town around it had ceased to be visible. Miles and miles astern I watched it, until it, too, faded out of sight. For thousands of Africans it was the last thing they saw as we tore them away from their country and their homes, about one-third of them to die in the holds of the slave-ships on the long passage to the West Indies, and the rest to live as slaves till death set them free. And it came to me to wonder why, in the Name of God, I, who went there as servant to the Africans of to-day, should be going to my own country, travelling easily and comfortably at my pleasure, to greet my relatives and to be with my own people. I think there is only one reason why I may come, and that is to tell you that our debt—yours and mine—to West Africa is not yet paid, and

that to West Africa, more than to any other part of the mission field, we have reparation to make.

We still talk a good deal rather proudly and happily about our abolition of the slave trade; but I think we forget sometimes that it was very largely *our* slave trade that we abolished, and that to the saints and angels we must often look like converted burglars who go about throwing a tremendous chest because we have given up burgling, but who, until our reparation to West Africa is fully made, have not quite done all we could to put straight the effects of what we did.

So you may have a last look at the British ship off the coast. She has a full cargo of slaves aboard, and the afternoon surf is beginning to get heavy, so they will get under way. They batten the Africans down in the holds till next morning, the ship's company go to prayers to thank God for a good cargo and to pray for His blessing on their venture; and when that is over the chaplain and some of the officers join the captain in the after-cabin at two or three legs of mutton and a bottle of claret apiece in honour of the occasion.

No; West Africa is not just one among many missions. You and I have not only the order to preach the Gospel throughout the world, we have also our own personal reparation to make. The Body of Christ needs men and women who will show Jesus to Africans out there, and she wants, too, those who will show Jesus to them from at home here in the methods of government which we use with them. We do not

always show Him to them either at home here or out there. The slave complex is not yet dead. Recently, if you want an instance, there was a good deal of outcry in certain circles because a white man was condemned to death in West Africa for the murder of his wife, there having been no counsel and no jury. I am not discussing the merits of that particular case; but I want to point out that at least six Africans had been condemned to death, and executed, by that same court only a few months earlier, and that it never occurred to anyone to suggest that they should have had counsel or jury. And then perhaps you have followed the varying discussions concerning a recent case in South Africa which is still not finally decided. I only want to ask you what you suppose the feeling would have been if it had been a black man that had flogged a white man to death, instead of being, as it was, a white man who had killed a black man in that way. The slave complex flourishes still, you know; it is no good denying it.

Do you remember that wonderful passage in *John Inglesant*, where Malvolti describes the coming of Jesus to him?

"As He spoke, a shudder and a trembling ran through the crowd as if stirred by the breath of His voice. Nature seemed to rally and to grow beneath Him, and Heaven to bend down to touch the earth. A healing sense of help and comfort, like the gentle dew, visited the weary heart. A great cry and shout rose from the crowd, and He passed on; but among

ten thousand times ten thousand I should know Him, and amid the tumult of a universe I should hear the faintest whisper of His voice." Cannot we between us show these West Africans something like that?

The British Empire will not last for ever. It is a stewardship from God while we hold it. Any student of history will tell you that empires do not last for ever. And when Africa arises as a world power, as she will one day arise, the character with which she arises will be very largely dependent on what we have taught her during our years of supremacy over her.

The "World Call" rang out like a trumpet from the bishops of our Church, and we pray with them that God will give us men who will sacrifice all that they have for Jesus. *But*, no single English diocesan bishop resigned his see to go to the mission field. What a "World Call" that would have been! A man of great position, who for love of Jesus laid all aside and went barefooted to Africans—no longer the traditional "white master," but "as him that serveth," "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." And how men would have flocked to follow him! West Africa even to-day is not a health resort, but all the often foolish talk about the "white man's grave" would have left quite untouched men who were on fire with the longing to make reparation for the "black man's grave" which our fathers found for Africans in years gone by.

III

As the Good Shepherd moves through Africa this Eastertide, you will not hang back, will you? Not even if it costs you something, in money or in kind? If it is *money*, give, either in the collection to-night or afterwards, just a little more than you meant to, something that you will just at least feel the loss of, for His dear sake. If it is *time*, give what you can. You do not need to know details of us in order to pray for us. Just pray the prayer our Lord taught us: "Our Father, Which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven." For if that prayer is granted, if in me or in the Bishop of Accra, or in the other priests of the Mission or in the whole diocese, God's Name is hallowed, and His Kingdom comes, and His Will is done just as it is in Heaven, then we shall not need anything else, shall we? We shall be perfect, and all the rest—malaria, and White Men's Graves, and shortage of money and all the rest of it—will not matter two little bits. What more can you ask for a man or for a cause than that?

There is the Good Shepherd to-night, then, His Will set to stretch out to help Africa the hand or the foot which is you or me, just as presently your will will be set to stretch out your foot to walk home, and your hands to a knife and fork to eat your supper. It is a real Body, this Mystical Body of Christ; only unlike the hands and feet of your body or mine, we

who are the hands and feet of Jesus have the free will to carry out His Will, or not, as we choose. Choose what you honestly believe to be the Will of Jesus, and quite definitely and fully do it.

IV

And let there be no question of Black or White. Please, please, in your prayers and in your conversation try to dispel that "European and Nigger" idea finally and for all, at least amongst Christians.

An educated and intelligent man asked me recently, "And do you find these niggers intelligent at all, Father?" I do not know how to begin to answer that. I have tried to-night to prevent it being asked quite so often. Over against that "Do you find these niggers intelligent at all?" I will read you one short extract from a letter that came to me a week or so back from a young African of twenty-two. He says, "Every nation's religion must show its Christ. The white men come to show us *their* Christ. *You* came to do so. And now that you have gone back you *must* show to the white man our Black Christ. There is Christ for every nation, yet there is one Christ. And all the Christs of the nations make the one Christ, the Redeemer of us sinners, both black and white. Christ must fulfil all."

Is it very far from this to the spirit of the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself when he wrote: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision

nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian" — if he had lived to-day would he not perhaps have added "European nor African" — "bond nor free: but Christ is all, and in all"?

WAITING FOR THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER

“Wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard of Me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.”—ACTS i. 4, 5.

THE golden splendour and the trumpets of the Ascension Day are beginning to die away. The world is still “white with may,” but the King of Glory has passed into the heavens. The triumph is gone from our vision, and we stand waiting. We have come very near to Pentecost—waiting for the coming of the Fire and Life of God.

And so we come naturally to consider on this Sunday the Mystical Body of Christ, that marvellous invention of the Mind of God. Only from the intellect of a God it could have come. Briefly it is, of course, this: That when the human Body which our Lord took of the Blessed Virgin, and in which He was born at Bethlehem and died on Calvary and rose on Easter morning, left the earth on Olivet at the Ascension, He left behind Him one vast human Body, of which you and I and every baptised person are members, limbs, living parts; just as your hands, feet, arms are members, limbs, living parts of the bodies in which you sit there and I stand here. Through this vast human body, which we call the Mystical Body of Christ,

He chose, and He still chooses, to carry on precisely the same work which He did through the human Body which was born at Bethlehem and ascended from Mount Olivet. It would be a good thing if we examined ourselves more often as to how we fulfil our membership of Christ, comparing the obedience which we render to the Will of Jesus, even when we perceive it quite clearly. I "will" that my hand shall move these sermon notes from this cushion to the ledge of the pulpit here, and, in the moment of my willing it, it is done. How does this compare with our obedience when Jesus "wills" that we should go to work in Africa, or tell the truth under difficult circumstances, or pray when we are tired? It is worth thinking about.

II

In theory we all admit that this Membership of Christ is a truth which really concerns us. We rattled it off when we were smaller: "My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, wherein I was made a Member of Christ. . . ." But in practice we dwell very much more, most of us, on the *individual* side of our relationship with God, as souls created by the Father, and redeemed by the Son, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost—which is of course wonderfully and eternally true, but only half the truth. Let us consider one or two of the great questions which confront us Christians to-day in the light of our Membership of the Mystical Body. For instance, let us take the possibility

of the Re-union of Christendom, and the many schemes which are put forward as likely to bring this about.

In an ordinary human body when a surgeon is confronted with a very deep wound, it is necessary for him to examine and probe very carefully, so that he may see exactly what the trouble is and what is its cause. Then he must see that the wound is perfectly clean and is kept clean. And then he must ensure that it shall heal from the bottom of the wound, and he must take care that it does not heal superficially while the wound still exists beneath the surface. If the Body of Christ is in any sense a real body at all, then we must take care to follow the same procedure if we are to heal the terrible wounds which our divisions have made in it. We must see what the trouble is, we must clean the wound, we must see that it heals from the bottom. If we do anything else we risk further and worse disease and disruption; we shall *conceal* the cleavage, not *cure* it. And at least if we keep the wound clean and open, it may heal, as our human bodies heal, through its own inherent Life and resources.

In approaching the Re-union of Christendom then, we must examine our differences very carefully, and we must be as careful as a great surgeon would be even to *prevent* premature healing, which it is always the tendency of the cells nearest the wound to bring about, and in the end may make further operations necessary. With regard to the careful examining of our differences, it is a welcome sign that in two recent instances the importance of this has been recognised.

However one may regard the possibilities of success or failure, and whatever opinion one may have as to the right or wrong of any resulting decision that may come, in the two totally different directions of the Malines Conversations and the still continuing discussions as to a United Church in South India a serious attempt has at least been made to face and explore fundamental differences. Two things you and I can do about it. We can help to maintain the general health of the whole Body by letting ourselves grow in the Spirit into better and more trustworthy members of the Body; and we can help to keep the wound clean by endeavouring to see that no dishonesty or pretence creeps into reunion schemes, and by surrounding it with prayer. May I very humbly suggest that we can none of us conceive what might be the effect if on a set date every baptised Christian throughout the world spent the whole night in prayer—in *his own church, not in someone else's*—that God would restore His Mystical Body to one perfect whole again. Perhaps one day, if we believe in prayer, we shall try something like that. At least let us before Whitsunday say once for Christ's Church the "Our Father." That will be doing something. For if that prayer is granted, if in the Mystical Body of Christ as a whole God's Name is hallowed, and His Kingdom comes, and His Will is done, and all these three "as it is in Heaven," then we shall be beginning, at least, to draw near the goal.

III

Or consider the quarrels that rend us about our dear Lord in the most comfortable Sacrament of His Body and His Blood. Whatever opinion we may hold on that, we are all members of His Body. If we are honest, we are all trying to do His Will. And those who fight hardest on one side or on the other are often the ones who love Him most dearly of all, and their very love is the motive of their fighting. Those who believe that Jesus may be found there, worship there because they think He is there and they love Him; those who believe that He is not there are in very strong opposition because they love Him too, and it seems to them blasphemy to worship where they believe He is not.

IV

And generally, if we are, as we believe, the Body of Christ, we must be *like* Christ, we must show Jesus to the world in our lives. It is an obvious truth, I know, but—God pity us—it isn't always obvious to you and me. Let us see that it is. Don't let there be times when men or nations look to us to show them Jesus, and we only show them a very unpleasant and selfish side of ourselves.

V

But chiefly I am here this morning to speak of the foreign missions of the Church; and for the moment we

will go far, far back in the history of God and Man. For the Mystical Body didn't have its beginning at the Ascension. The Mystical Body, in the beginning, was to be the whole race of man. Before sin came, and Original Justice was lost (if I stop to explain that phrase "Original Justice" we shall outrun our time, so I must leave it) man was to be the outward and material presentment of God in the world He had created. You and I are apt to get for ourselves some idea how the members of this Mystical Body should react to the Will of God by considering how we expect the members of our human bodies to react to the will of you and me; and so we are also apt to think of the Mystical Body as being made in *our* image, whereas it would be truer to say that *our* bodies are made in the image of the Mystical Body.

Sin brought the penalty of death for every member of the Mystical Body. Yes, you and I inherit sin in the same sort of way as a man who inherits his father's estate inherits also the debts on that estate. In the Atonement this was transferred to the Sacred Humanity, and the penalty of death was borne in every member of our Lord's human Body on Calvary—the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.

At Pentecost the Life won on Calvary flowed back into the Mystical Body, and floods steadily onwards to limb after limb as the ages pass, wherever the waters of Baptism come to cleanse as Jordan cleansed the limbs of Naaman the Syrian. "Go ye into all the

world, and preach the good news to every creature, baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." There you have God "making all things new." Oh, the wonder of it—the winning back more and more, soul after soul, until the whole human race be again the perfect expression of God's Will. You know the holding power of the interest with which we watch a great craftsman at his work, on the rare occasions when we get a chance. Here such ordinary people as you and I may contemplate an infinite intellect dealing with an infinite emergency—God dealing with Sin.

Ah! If you believe all that, don't be content to give to foreign missions a small contribution that you can easily afford—whether it be 2s. 6d. or £100—give money that you will miss, and give prayer when you are tired and don't want to pray.

VI

Well, let us think a little and pray a little—or, if it may be, think a great deal and pray a great deal to-day and this week about the Mystical Body, you and I, while we wait for the Promise of the Father, and in the light of that thinking and prayer regard the problems we have only glanced at this morning.

I have one personal thing to ask you before we finish. Twenty-one years ago I knelt in this Cathedral to receive Holy Orders. Many men knelt there with me, and almost countless men have knelt here since. And

now this morning I come back to stand here and speak to you, and I go away to Africa, and you go away, one here and one there, and, for most of us, we shall not meet again. I want you who worship here to pray often for those of us who have gone out from this Cathedral to our work, some in this country and some in many parts of the world—hands of the Mystical Body stretched out by God. For so you will support us in our work, and when weary hours come to us.

And when you pray for me in my turn, ask for me, as indeed you may ask for all of us, that one day it may be true to say of me as the great Apostle of the Gentiles said of himself—you cannot work in the Mission Field without coming to love St. Paul, and we were ordained in this Cathedral which is his—"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Pray that so long as He calls me to work in Africa, I may show Jesus to Africans; and that wherever and however He calls me to serve Him, I may not fail Him.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE CONFRATERNITY OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

I AM afraid that despite all the difficulties and sorrows and troubles with which we seem to be surrounded to-day I am still a whole-hearted optimist.

I have not been able to get hold of a printed statement as to the objects of the C.B.S., but I take it from its very name to be an organisation for promoting the due paying of honour to our Blessed Lord in His Holy Sacrament. Well, my dears, if that is what you are for, you can be very whole-hearted optimists too. Because the *realities* stand just exactly where they did. Our knowledge of them may vary. Storms and discussions may come—or coldness, or lack of understanding, or insults. But nothing touches the realities. There they stand. We are not building on the merely human, you see.

I want, at the end of this wonderful day, just to put before you one or two things which may help us to keep our balance.

I

Go back in your mind a minute over the gifts that you and I, or other men, have given to God at different times in our lives—gifts given out of love or out of penitence, perhaps for ourselves, perhaps for others.

Not unlike the gifts a little child gives to its mother, isn't it, this offering of gifts to God? Funny, blundering gifts some of them seem, and so they very likely are, but God values them, I think, for the love that lies behind the gift. I know a mother who treasured for many years an india-rubber elephant which a small son once gave her on her birthday. The thing itself was of no possible use to her, and of very little intrinsic value. Even the small hole in the beast's body which should have whistled when it was squeezed didn't work; but it was as dear to her as almost anything she had. Perhaps there is a cupboard in heaven somewhere where they keep the india-rubber elephants you and I have offered to God. Don't fret about them; He does love them, and He doesn't forget any sacrifice you offer Him.

But in all the gifts we offer to God there is always something that just spoils them, that last little trace of self-will, self-love, or what not. You find it with the fetish priest in the parts of the world I come from; you will find it with the lamb in the Temple courts; you will find it in the little bits of sacrifices—or the big ones—which from time to time you and I offer. They are always just spoiled. Well, God knows that, and He knows how desperately sometimes you and I long to offer to Him something that is perfect. And so of His great love and pity for us, reaching to us across the ages from that last night in the Upper Room at Jerusalem, He puts into our hands, doesn't He, one stainless, shining thing that we may offer, one thing

that no sin of ours can touch to spoil, the wonderful and adorable Sacrament of His Body and His Blood. For you and me that is one of the realest things in our life. And no storms or insults or sorrows can touch it. That is one reason why I am an optimist, despite the gloomy prophecies and outlook.

Or we may look at it another way, for there are so many ways we can look at the wonders of the Mass; but let us just have this one more look.

You know the tremendous interest it is to us to watch some great craftsman at his work, it may be an artist, or a very skilled carpenter, or a general working out a plan of battle; and if it be someone we know quite well by name and reputation, the interest is even greater. In the Mass we are able day by day at the Altar to watch the Master Craftsman at His work—the Infinite God *doing all that He can*. And we not only see this; we share in it.

For there is no time with God. In the Mass we do not offer one sacrifice here and another there, but in Brighton or in Africa to-day by your hands or mine, or in Westminster Abbey seven hundred years ago by hands long dead, or in any place you please in five hundred years' time by hands yet unborn, we lift up the One Perfect Sacrifice that avails for sin—Jesus, the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." The Church anoints and sets apart the hands of the priest for this work, but it is the work of all of us, just as the milkman brings milk for all of us, or the baker brings bread.

Still optimists, I think, don't you, while God lets us watch daily a thing like that?

II

Then look at Him in the Tabernacle.

Would you like to speak—some of you, of course, have done so—face to face with some great general or admiral, and hear from himself the details of the fight, and why he did this and how he did that, what measures he took here and there, and what it was all like to him as he fought his way through the business?

Kneeling before the Tabernacle we may talk face to face, as a man speaks with his brother, with the Conqueror of Sin and Death, with the very Jesus who agonised in Gethsemane, and rose on Easter morning and sits on the right hand of the Father. Can you be anything but an optimist while God still gives us that?

III

And then our Communion.

Deep down into our very life He strikes Himself "that our sinful bodies may be made clean by His Body and our souls washed through His most Precious Blood, and that we may evermore dwell in Him and He in us." In every Communion round the poor stable of our life the angels sing and God suffers Himself to be laid in the manger of your soul or mine.

Oh! Be optimists! You know all these things. I

beg of you do not forget them among the storms and arguments and all the rest of it.

IV

And some of us have it in our minds that Jesus wills we should set Him in the monstrance, and show Him to men there, and that at Exposition and Benediction we join indeed in the worship of Heaven around the Lamb that was slain. Well, then, there is that, too, to thank Him for.

V

I have nearly done.

All that I have said is what the C.B.S. proclaims by its very name, and what it longs to convert the world to.

So we go out and make our claim that we have Jesus; and men smile pityingly at us, and are not very interested. And yet all around us in the frenzied search for happiness in this modern world, people cry out continually to us: "Sir, we would see Jesus!" They may not know His Name, but we know that it is He Whom they seek, because no happiness lies outside Him. Oh! Let us show Him to them. In the gold and jewelled monstrances on our altars if you will, but also in the monstrance of your life and mine, that monstrance which God made and trusted to each one of us.

After each Communion we go out among our fellow

men a monstrance through whose life clear as crystal men may see, if they will, that blazing fire of Love that burns ever in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Can it be like that? Twenty thousand members of the C.B.S. doing that here and throughout the world—and who can tell how soon it may be that the C.B.S. may cease to exist, having done its work, because the Kingdom of God will have come?

CHRISTIAN DIS-UNION AND THE WISDOM OF GOD

“And when the Day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.”—Acts ii. 1.

“ALL with one accord in one place.” We couldn’t say that now, could we? You have only got to walk round Accra this evening to see that. I don’t know how many Christian Churches and Sects there are in the world to-day—their number is legion. And, roughly speaking, each of us—some of us over some desperately important point of what seems to us vital in teaching and belief, others on smaller points of organisation and discipline—each Church and Sect believes quite sincerely that its own interpretation of Christianity is the nearest to the Mind of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ. I am not speaking of the insincere, if there be such, as I suppose there must be here and there, but I am speaking of those who quite honestly and sincerely and deeply love our Blessed Lord, and try to serve Him. You will find plenty of such men and women to-night in Accra, some in this Church, some in the Roman Church, some in the Wesleyan Church, some in the Presbyterian Church, some in the Zion Mission—if they have a Church here—and some here and some there in every other place of worship there may be in the town. All loving the Lord Jesus Christ, all separated—some actively attacking each

other, trying to take Christians from other Churches to their own, others as far as possible refraining from doing that—but all sure that they are right in their interpretation of the mind of our Lord, and of what He would wish His Church to be.

We are all so sure we are right, and we can't all be right.

And with many of us it is not even a matter of conviction, it is not a matter of careful thinking out and coming to a decision—not at first anyway. The religion that our parents happened to have, or the school at which we chanced to find a vacancy when school-days came—these have settled the matter for us. At Kumasi to-day, for instance, at the beginning of any school year there are not enough schools to take the total number of boys wishing to begin their education. And so you will see them on the few days at the beginning of term, going round from Government School to Wesleyan School, and on from there to the English Church Mission School and the Roman Catholic School and the Presbyterian School and the Zion Mission School, finding perhaps a vacancy here or perhaps a vacancy there. And if it chance that the vacancy they find is in the Roman Catholic School they will be brought up as Roman Catholics, and if it is our school they get to they will be brought up as Anglicans, and if it is the Wesleyan School they get to they will be brought up as Wesleyans. And a similar state of things arises when a pagan living in the Bush desires to seek Jesus. He will become a member of one or

other of the Churches and Sects having missions in this country, according to which particular mission happens to be working in his neighbourhood.

I know that Africans did not seek these divisions. I know that when we brought Jesus to you, we Europeans brought also, to our shame, these divisions with us. But, though the fault may have been ours in the beginning, these divisions have now become your responsibility also. Men come and say to us: "Sir, we would see Jesus," and we point some to one place and some to another, and we answer them: "Lo! here is Christ; or, Lo! He is there."

II

We have got so used to it, you and I. Let us see how it looks to Jesus. And if you want to know what it all means to the Sacred Heart of Him who gave His all for us, go back to the night before Calvary. We won't embroider it, we'll have the plain words. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are one; I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."

“That the world may believe. . . . That the world may know.” Only He, Jesus, knows how the world is held back from Jesus by our divisions, how the world cannot see the Jesus that we show them, because we obscure their vision of Him by our cross-purposes, and our claims and counter-claims.

If you love Jesus, oh! for His sake think of it more often; what our divisions may be meaning to Him as He lies there under the olives in Gethsemane looking down the ages at you and me and all the world of to-day.

III

Let us think also to-night for a moment of what the Church in this country to-day might be if she were one again. You know the sort of conversation which I am afraid may be often heard in the circle of any Mission to-day. “The Roman Catholics are opening up in this or that new district. We must hurry up, or else they will get in before us.” Or “The Wesleyans (or Presbyterians or Anglicans) are rebuilding their school in that promising and growing town. We must rebuild ours, or else they will be more efficient and take all our schoolboys from us.” You will get some sort of idea of the way in which the work of Jesus Christ gets done at present if you will try to imagine the political work of this colony carried out by five different Governors instead of one, with five different political services each working under its own Governor on quite different lines from the others

and with quite different orders—not in separate spheres, but their work crossing and counter-crossing and clashing in district after district, and even sometimes two or three of them from different services being stationed at the same time in some small town. There have in the world's history been places where you have had *something* like that under different consular services. Tangier has been at times like that, and certain treaty-ports in the Far East. You may picture perhaps—or you may know intimately—the vast waste of labour and energy and love which all this entails. (I am wrong about love, perhaps, because I think love can never be wasted.) You can visualise, or you know, the intense complication of the machinery for the few pieces of co-operation we can achieve.

Over against that, set the possibilities of one great Christian Church, the Body of Christ as He meant it to be when He prayed that night: "That they all may be one." I do not want to detain you by drawing a fancy picture, but kneel there beside Him in Gethsemane and look down the ages with Him, and see what it *might* be. He will show you, if you will ask Him.

IV

What are we to do?

It is unlikely, though not of course impossible, that any *one* of us is finally and absolutely right. And yet many attempts have been made by the greatest brains and wisdom that Christian men have been able to

bring to the task, and no solution has been reached. Again and again this has happened. It seems to be beyond us.

For sooner or later, in every discussion on the subject, we come to certain principles, differing in different cases, with which one or other body of Christians feels it cannot part without giving up what is clearly right to them, without selling, indeed, what is true for the sake of peace. And we can go no further, and we fall back defeated. And all the time the walls of division between us are hardening. Our human wisdom can get no further.

But what about the Divine Wisdom, the Wisdom of an Eternal God? For somewhere there is the Truth, if only we all could find it. And if we could find it, then quite certainly nothing which is true or right would have to be sacrificed by any of us. I know that this seems almost incredible. But it may be that you have sometime attempted a very difficult jigsaw puzzle, with a vast number of oddly shaped pieces. And as you go on with the puzzle, you come from time to time to certain pieces which from their shape or colour seem to you quite certainly not to belong to the picture at all, but have possibly got mixed up with it from some other box. And yet, when at last you see the thing finished, you see that not only did they fit in, but that it was just their queer colour or extraordinary shape which were required to complete the picture, and that no other colour or shape would have been the least use. May

it not be so in God's Wisdom and in His finished plan, with this terrific problem of the Re-union of the Body of Christ, the Church?

This modern age has done so many wonderful things under God's guidance. Almost day by day we solve new problems. One day we find we can fly in the air, the next that we can hear our friends speak from other parts of the world, the next that by a similar apparatus we can see them. All this for so long seemed impossible and just the dreams of visionaries. And yet it has all come about. May it not be that we could set the crown on the achievements of this present day by letting Jesus fulfil in us *His* vision, the vision He had before Him when He prayed as we have just seen Him praying: "That they all may be one . . . that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me"?

Is there a solution, then? Yes, I believe very firmly that there is a solution. We shall want experts to find it for us, experts not necessarily or primarily with their brains, but experts of the kind we rather forget to take into account sometimes—experts in the Love of Jesus. Re-union, when it comes, will come, I think, that way; it may be in the train of some great wave of devotion to the Person of our Blessed Lord, sweeping the world as such waves have swept it before in other ages, setting fire to soul after soul till all Christendom is ablaze again. For hidden in the Heart of Jesus is a quite definite plan on which the Church of God may be one again, and if we get near enough to Him He will surely show it to us.

This sort of expert we can all become, if we will. We have got to learn to love Him better and to live nearer to Him, and to ask Him to show us what He would have. Not *our* way, but *Thine*! We pray wrongly so often, asking God to bring our own will to pass, instead of asking that we and those we love may be conformed to *His* Will. And how often, as a matter of fact, do any of us pray that we may be one again? Not very often, most of us. Ask yourself how often you can remember praying about it. And then look back at Gethsemane and Calvary and see what it meant to Him.

V

I would like to ask something more than we have ever done before. I would like to ask that—let us say—on one fixed Sunday in each month the whole offering of worship in every church of every kind of Christians in this Colony might be offered to our Lord that He will make clear to us and to all Christians the path by which His Church may be one again, and that whatever He shows us He will give us the love and the courage to follow it. Even a Church which is quite certain that it is the only true Church could pray such a prayer as that. I do not ask that we pray and preach about it in each other's churches, but each Mission in its own. In South India they have recently, as you have probably read, put forward a scheme of re-union of certain Churches based on the nearest agreement that

human wisdom on both sides has been able to reach, and many of us know that we cannot accept it. Vital principles seem to us to be at stake which we cannot yield upon because we should be sacrificing what in conscience we believe to be true.

Could we not here in West Africa put forward our own scheme, based on the knowledge that the Mind of Jesus has a plan, and asking Him to show it to us because we can do no more of ourselves?

One Sunday in each month, a great hammer blow of prayer beating on the doors of heaven. If we cared enough I think we could do that. And we do care really, even those of us who have not thought much about it up to now.

I have kept you long; but it seems to me, one poor and very weak man standing here in this church in West Africa to-night, that such a movement of prayer might spread and spread throughout the world. For if God has a plan, we *must* want to follow it in preference to any plan of our own. And God, Who is Eternal Wisdom, *must* have a plan; and God, Who is Love, will surely show it to us, His children, if we come nearer to Him and ask Him. And in this asking there is no obstacle which could keep any Christian, whatever his belief, from joining. We do not say that one is right or another is right, or that one is wrong or another wrong. We are not dealing with that at the moment. We ask simply to be shown the Truth as it is in Jesus, and to be given the courage and the love to follow it.

Month after month and year after year, from all Christians throughout the world, such a great volume of prayer might go up to be shown the way, until He in His great Love and Wisdom shows us the path and how to follow it, until once more, as at Pentecost, we are "all with one accord in one place," and our Lord's great prayer will be fulfilled: "That they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."

I have tried to set before you in very lame and halting words what I believe our Lord wished me to say to you to-night, and I believe what I have said to be vitally true. Perhaps it has been long and wearisome listening to me standing here; but whatever my words may or may not have been, the truth that I have tried to tell you hangs like a sign in the sky, and is blazing with the great Fire of Love that burns ever in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

You remember the end of the Day of Pentecost? "Then they that gladly received His word were baptized: and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued stedfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. And fear came upon every soul; and many wonders and signs were done by the apostles."

If we will, it can be like that again.

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

ST. MATTHEW V. 17.

THIS was the keynote to about one-third of our dear Lord's great Sermon on the Mount. He was dealing with the ancient Jewish laws and customs, and showing that He did not come to destroy them, but to fulfil them. One by one He takes these different customs and deals with them from this point of view. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill. . . . But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment." "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." "Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time. . . . But I say unto you. . . ." "Ye have heard that it hath been said. . . . But I say unto you . . ." again and again it comes. "Not to destroy, but to fulfil."

I

I have chosen these words as a text this morning, because to-day is the Feast of two great Apostles of the Lord Jesus, Apostles to whom, as we know, He

spoke on the evening of Easter Day those very great words: "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you"; and because you and I, who at the moment are His apostles to-day in this country of Ashanti, may very well try to learn together something of the way in which He would have us work.

Further, I have chosen these words because it is only lately, perhaps, that some of us have come to see they are true, not only of the Jewish religion and customs but of all those other religions and customs through which, very blunderingly and clumsily, men have reached out after the great God, and through which, by ways which we still call pagan, they have "through a glass darkly"—very darkly, perhaps, but still certainly—seen Him.

Among the missionaries who came first were some who did not grasp this. In their zeal for the Lord they insisted that all must be swept away before the House of God could be built. To-day there are still missionaries, even in this town, who would teach this; and there are many African sons of the Lord Jesus who, having themselves learned this at their conversion hold very strongly that it must be so. If there are any such here this morning, I ask them to bear with me and to listen patiently, because I, too, would save souls of men for the Lord Jesus; and it happens that I feel strongly that much of this teaching has been wrong, and that, it may be, because of it men have died who might have been Christians, but who never were, partly, perhaps, through our fault.

The difference between the two ways of attempting to win for God such a country as Ashanti is very great. It is as if one were to find a man who, without knowledge and expert teaching in the science of architecture, had built himself a house—a poor house judged by modern standards, perhaps, but of the sort that he and his race had been accustomed to, and the product of a good many years of thought and slow development. To such a man come two friends who would help him to better things in the way of a dwelling. The first says: “You must pull all this house down and clear all the fragments away, and with totally different material you shall build an entirely new house here for yourself in quite a different style. But the whole of the old house must be swept away before you can begin to build the new one.” The other friend says to him: “Yes, this is quite a nice house, and it has a great many things and places and rooms that are useful in it; but I should like to help you alter and rebuild some parts of it which are not safe; and the best part is yet to be built. We will do it gradually together.” That is a very rough way of putting it, but it will give you some idea of what I mean. The native pagan religion is not altogether wrong, for no religion is altogether wrong. Parts of it are ugly and wrong and not safe, and need altering; it may be some parts need altering a great deal. But many parts are good and sound and well built, and may be used in finishing the house which God would have us build. The Lord Jesus will “fulfil” it, not “destroy” it.

This is a very big subject, and I am only at the beginning of studying it. I am only a child in Ashanti—scarcely yet nine months old! But in the few months that I have been with you, I have read what men older and wiser and more holy than myself have written, and I have studied as much as I have been able the old pagan religion of the country; and I believe very strongly that what I say to you this morning is true, and is what the Lord Jesus would have me say. I hope, if God will spare me to live and work among you, to study this matter more and more, and from time to time to talk to you about it.

II

To bear out what I say, I will give you one or two points which, it may be, you will consider and perhaps talk to me about, not immediately after this service but later on, when you have had time to think them over quietly.

(1) The Ashanti has an intense belief in the spirit life after death. He believes that the spirits of the departed guard his country and will punish those of the living who fail in their trust to care for and keep safe that country. Will it need very much teaching to lead such a man to the fulness and completion of that belief, as you may find it in the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints and in the Catholic custom of placing countries and nations under the patronage of particular saints, such as St. George for England, St.

Denys for France, or St. Patrick for Ireland? And among the great crowds that collected last Sunday at Menhia to celebrate the Addei, the great day of the dead, will there not be a large element which will not find it difficult to learn of the fuller and more perfect observance of All Souls' Day, the Church's great Day of the Dead, and of the keeping of November, the month of the dead?

(2) Or take another point. The Ashanti looks on a man much more as a member of the tribe than as an individual. The tribe is the body which goes on living; the individual is only as a hand or a foot of the body; the chief is only the head of the body for the time being. The individual must often suffer that the body may be benefited or saved. Can we not build on this the better and finished house of the full Catholic doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, where each Ashanti shall become a member by Baptism; not separated from his tribe by his Christianity, but welded more firmly and more loyally into it, the tribe being, it may be, a hand of the Sacred Body of the Christ, and each individual member of the tribe a finger of the hand? Do I only dream dreams when it seems to me that here, too, is a custom which the Lord Jesus came "not to destroy, but to fulfil"?

(3) There are many lesser points which it would be worth our while to consider if we had time, points where it would seem our Lord came "not to destroy, but to fulfil." There is again this week, after many years, a Queen Mother in Kumasi, who with the King

will guard the sacred stool and the people. The new Queen Mother is, as you know, a baptised Christian. When next Saturday she comes in state to return thanks to God and to seek His blessing on her work in the position in which He has placed her, it will surely be again a moment when the Lord Jesus "fulfils" and not "destroys," when we place her, at the beginning of this month of May, under the guardianship and protection of the Queen Mother of Heaven, our Lady, Mother of God, who was chosen by the King of Heaven and Earth, and greeted as Queen Mother by all the elders of Heaven.

(4) You will be saying in your hearts: "Yes, that is all very well; but there are bigger things which arise, which you have feared to deal with this morning. What about human sacrifices, for instance? They were a regular part of the old life of Ashanti; and in remote parts of the Bush, from time to time, they probably still take place, even though they are punished if discovered. Surely *they* should be swept away?"

Yes, of course, they must be swept away. But do not give the wrong reason for the sweeping away. I only did not deal with this subject at first because it seemed so big a subject that it would occupy a whole sermon quite easily by itself. It was not because I feared to deal with it. But as this thought may be in your hearts, I will say something briefly about it now.

III

There is in all men who seek after any god, in any way whatsoever, a knowledge of that tremendous falling short of what a great god requires from them; and their desire to make up to their god for this falling short, and to appease his wrath with them and, if possible, to escape at any rate part of the punishment which may come, has always been expressed in the offering of sacrifices to the god, valuable sacrifices, sacrifices which cost something to the giver. And where the tribe is more thought of than the individual—and we were thinking of that a little earlier in this address—there you will find the tribe offering sacrifices that cost them something, particularly sacrifices of life, sometimes of animal life, but coming to a climax in the highest and greatest sacrifice which they can think of—the sacrifice of a human life to the god.

But why go out to them now and tell them it was all wrong when in fact our Lord *fulfilled* it all? He fulfilled *all* religions, not only the Jewish. That is our message.

For the one God Who is above all gods will still more require sacrifice, not a less sacrifice, but a greater. For the perfect God, with His Infinite Justice, there must be a perfect sacrifice; and this perfect sacrifice God the Son in perfect love came to offer, taking upon Him human nature and offering Himself of His own free will on Calvary. And that Perfect Sacrifice having been offered once, there *can* be no other

sacrifice, for when a thing is perfect nothing more can be added to it. "When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." Blindfolded, buffeted, spat upon, scourged, crowned with thorns, mocked, stumbling along the way to Calvary as well as He was able, with His Body torn to pieces with the scourging, falling headlong time and again under the heavy Cross, amid the derision of the crowd, He passed through all the grim dance of death; and finally, when it was all finished, He died on the Cross—*fulfilling*, not destroying, all other human sacrifice for ever.

That is what I should say if you challenge me in this matter on the subject of human sacrifice, and ask how it may fit in with the ideas I asked you to consider.

Only I should add, I think, if I were explaining the thing to a pagan, that because the Lord Jesus knew our longing as individuals to offer something perfect to a God Whom we had begun to love, and also because every member of the race must himself join in the offering of the Perfect Sacrifice if it is to be of avail to Him, on the last night before He died, reaching out across the years from the Upper Room in Jerusalem to you and me, He gave to us our heart's desire, one stainless, shining Thing that we can offer; one Thing, whose dazzling whiteness no sin of ours can touch to spoil; perfect and complete and worthy; the wonderful and adorable Sacrament of His Body and His Blood, so that in our hands, day by day, and Sun-

day by Sunday, He places again and again and again the one Perfect Sacrifice, that we may offer It. And in the Sacrifice of the Mass, the pagan, when he has come to the Lord Jesus, will find once again that that Lord Jesus has come "not to destroy, but to fulfil."

I must leave it now. I have kept you long. And we will offer now upon His Altar this Sacrifice which He has given us.

RESURRECTION

“Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more.”—ROMANS vi. 9.

“If ye then be risen with Christ.”—COL. iii. 1.

WE have watched together this week, you and I, as the shadows grew deeper towards Thursday evening—if it meant anything to us at all it won't bear talking about much—and we were together at the Cross as the darkness came down on Good Friday. And then, yesterday, the Easter sun began to shine gold through the mists of Holy Saturday, and to-day we have come to our day of triumph. Shrive, and gloriously risen with Christ, we have kept the Feast, “not with the old leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.”

This year can we keep it up, do you think? There have been other Holy Weeks and other Easters for us before; and it is almost a commonplace that as the year goes on we fall back again to the lower level we have let ourselves get more used to. Can we prevent that this year?

I think we can if we will see carefully beforehand how this slipping back usually comes about. Then we shall know what to look for. Christ dies no more. If we are risen with Him we must die no more too.

I

Firstly, I think, we are apt to neglect quite obvious precautions. God makes us a clean heart; we are risen with Christ, and He gives us back our 'life—yes, but to some extent we are like a sick man who has "turned the corner." It is all right; our powers and faculties are all there and all right, but we need taking care of for a considerable period yet. We are like an army which has got into disorder and has now got a new general; all our habits of life are to be built up again, perhaps on new lines. Lazarus has risen from the dead, but the grave-clothes still remain to be loosed: the little daughter has been taken by the hand and has arisen, but something must be given her to eat, for she still needs nourishment and care.

You may know perfectly well that unless you alter certain things in your life you will fall back; you *don't* alter them, and you *do* fall back.

Oh yes, we make excuses which satisfy ourselves when we have said them to ourselves loudly enough and often enough. After this Holy Week in this wonderful church I have got the holy dispositions now which I did not have before, so the danger of falling back is less. All right, cast yourself down! for it is written He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. We forget pretty soon, don't we? that it is written again, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Or it may be that if I make changes I know it would be best for my soul to make, I should bring myself severe financial loss, or the loss of a great friendship or love. But, my dear, "What shall it really profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Or perhaps we say, and perhaps hope and believe, that now we may at last bring also to Jesus those who have sinned with us, and that we cannot do this without continuing with them a very great deal. The sin itself need not necessarily be anything very wild as the world counts sin; it may be merely just a quiet and comfortable worldliness. Well, perhaps it may be your vocation to do this. If so, in God's Name go on with it. But if you know you are not strong enough, or if you have tried before, and have failed dismally, to keep your own level to which you had been going to raise them, then I don't think it is *your* vocation, at any rate for the present.

Let us be straight about all this, with ourselves and with God.

II

And then next, I think, we shall find that often the weeks after Easter are strewn with broken resolutions, the fragments left from some wonderful ideal which we translated into a Rule of Life, it may be on Good Friday. So many people don't know how to make a Rule of Life. They go and draw up a Rule which at their highest moments and on their very best days they

hope they might perhaps keep. But that is not the way to set about it. It is not the way you make a Rule for a school. You don't make the Rules of your school cover all that you hope your best boy or girl will achieve; and you can't make a Rule for yourself that way either. It is best when making a Rule of Life, I think, to have a sort of imaginary temperature chart before your mind. Then rule a nice thick line at about the level of what you hope you will do on your best days, and another nice thick line lower down at about the level of what you know is the least you must do, if you are to continue with any self-respect to call yourself a Christian. Then make your Rule of Life about one-third of the way up from the lower line to the higher, and see that you keep it. It may be very humiliating to make an easier Rule, but it is far better to have an easier Rule that we keep than a difficult one which is always being broken. After all, the idea of a Rule is that it shall *be* a Rule, and not an exception.

Sometimes, too, we break our resolutions through setting ourselves to keep them in dangerous circumstances. If God sets us to keep them in dangerous circumstances, that is not our concern; He will look after the extra risk. Peter can walk on the water, and Jonah can be rescued from the belly of the fish. But most often we fall through circumstances which we chose ourselves.

Or, rather subtly, we say, "My resolutions were perhaps not necessary. I can break them without sin."

Yes, that is very true ; but you made them at the foot of the Cross. They are probably the better way, child.

III

Thirdly, there is the cry of the man who has fallen back pretty often. "I've failed so often before. It's no good *me* trying. God must do it all." Oh no! "*Take up thy bed* and go unto thine house." "But how dull!" you say. "Then where is the joy of Easter? I thought it was something so terrific, and you just say to me, '*Take up thy bed.*' I can't. That's why I'm lying here on it!" Ah! but God does His part and you do yours. *Before* you couldn't get up: *Now* you can. *Before* you tried and found you weren't able: *Now* you try and find you *are* able. *That's* the difference. The man and his bed might have undergone a sort of levitation, and flown through the air to his house. God doesn't work that way, *and the man wouldn't have known he was cured.* He had to use his own powers, to "proceed under his own steam," not to be towed, nor to be transported miraculously to harbour. "*Take up thy bed and go unto thine house.*"

But you find you can. That is where the Easter joy comes to you—that you have the power, the paralysed spirit is whole again. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above."

IV

My dears, it is all true. It is beyond our wildest

dreams. "Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." *It's true!* I know it's hard to believe, perhaps, like a poor old man come into a goodish sum of money near the end of his days. You can hear the old lady trying to get it into his head that he's got it, and he, rather petulantly, saying, "Oh, Mother, don't go on so! A hundred pounds! How should *I* draw out a hundred pounds for all these things?" And then at last he goes to the bank, and finds the money is there, and it is his. When the Lord of Easter broke the bars of death, illimitable grace and power and courage were set free for you. Don't lie there on your bed. Sin, and poverty, and sorrow, and pain, and disgrace—you are free of them. You are not *without* them. They are still there, but they don't fetter you. All things belonging to the Spirit are beginning to live and grow in you. "This land that was desolate is become like the Garden of Eden." Christ is risen. You are *alive*.

Don't lie there on your bed looking up at Jesus and saying, "Yes, I only wish I could believe all that," as if the man sick of the palsy had lain there smiling wistfully at the efforts of his Creator to cheer him up!

For many years you yourself have said all these things were true. You have sung the truth of them to triumphant Easter tunes, you have listened to choirs

singing them, you have written them to your friends, you have heard them proclaimed from pulpits, or yourself have proclaimed them from pulpits. You have said all these things were true. Have you ever *acted* as if you knew beyond the faintest shadow of doubt that they were true? Or have you just drifted on, and joined the ranks of those who come and say, "It all seems so unreal, Father"? Try, and you will find you have got the power. You can get up. The risen splendour of Jesus can shine forth to men through you. You may show them Jesus in yourself, conquering death and hell in *you*. Only believe. All things are possible to him that believeth. If you had faith as a grain of mustard seed you might say to this sycamine tree, "Be thou plucked up by the root and be cast into the sea," and it should obey you. And don't only *say*; live as if you believe what you are saying. Then men will believe you. Then they will see Jesus in you. Then they will say as they said of the apostles, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither." Then, through you, joy will be let loose on the world.

"All on a fresh May morning, I took my love to church,
To see if Parson Primrose were safely on his perch.
He scarce had got to *Thirdly*, or Squire begun to snore,
When, like a sun-lit earthquake,
A green and crimson earthquake,
A frolic of madcap May-folk came whooping through
the door—

‘Come up, come in with streamers!

 Come in with boughs of may!

Come up and thump the sexton,

 And carry the clerk away.

Now skip like rams, ye mountains,

 Ye little hills like sheep!

Come up and wake the people

 That parson puts to sleep.’

The dusty velvet hassocks were dabbled with fragrant dew,

The font grew white with hawthorn, it frothed in every pew.

Their queen had torn her green gown and bared a shoulder as white,

 O, white as the may that crowned her,

 While all the minstrels round her

Tilted back their crimson hats and sang for sheer delight—

‘Come up, come in with streamers!

 Come in with boughs of may!

Now by the gold upon your toe

 You walked the primrose way.

Come up, with white and crimson !

 O, shake your bells and sing—

Let the porch bend, the pillars bow,

 Before our Lord, the Spring.’

The congregation spluttered. The Squire grew purple, and all

And every little chorister bestrode his carven stall.

The parson flapped like a magpie, but none could hear
his prayers

For Tom Fool flourished his tabor,
Flourished his nut-brown tabor,
Bashed the head of the sexton, and stormed the pulpit
stairs.

High in the old oak pulpit
This Lord of all mis-rule—
I think it was Will Summers
That once was Shakespeare's fool—
Held up his hand for silence,
And all the church grew still—
'And are you snoring yet,' he said,
'Or have you slept your fill?

'Your God still walks in Eden, between the ancient
trees,

Where Youth and Love go wading through the pools
of primroses.

And this is the sign we bring you, before the darkness
fall,

That Spring is risen, is risen again,
That Life is risen, is risen again,
That Love is risen, is risen again, and Love is the Lord
of all.

At Paske began our morrice
And ere Pentecost our May—
Because, albeit your words be true,
You know not what you say.

You chatter in church like jackdaws
Words that would wake the dead,
Were there one breath of life in you,
One drop of blood,' he said.

'He died and He went down to Hell! You know not what
you mean.

Our rafters were of green fir; also our beds were
green.

But out of the mouth of a fool, a fool, before the dark-
ness fall,

We tell you He is risen again,
The Lord of Life is risen again,

The boughs put forth their tender buds, and Love is
Lord of all.'

He bowed his head; he stood so still;

They bowed their heads as well.

And softly from the organ-loft

The song began to swell.

'Come up with blood-red streamers,'

The reeds began the strain.

The *vox humana* pealed on high,

'The Spring is risen again.'

The *vox angelica* replied; *'The shadows flee away!*

*Our house-beams were of cedar. Come in, with boughs of
may!'*

The diapason deepened it; *'Before the darkness fall*

We tell you He is risen again!

Our God hath burst His prison again!

Christ is risen, is risen again—and Love is Lord of all.' "

NOTES ON PRAYER GIVEN TO THE
STUDENTS AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE,
KUMASI¹

(These Students are Africans training for the priesthood)

FOR the purposes of these notes, "Prayer" is taken to mean the whole process of the development of the soul's growing and deepening love of God, and any method whatever in which this love is expressed. This, of course, includes what is ordinarily called "saying prayers," because the words of those prayers are an attempt on our part to express outwardly our love for God, and our desire to serve Him.

But just as in our ordinary intercourse with our fellow-men we are in the habit of sometimes conveying our ideas to them by means other than words—*e.g.* taking off our hat, shaking hands, or even hitting a man violently on the nose—so in expressing our ideas to God we shall also use other methods; and these we shall come to examine presently. All this will be covered in these lectures by the word "Prayer."

Ascetic Theology deals with that whole wide general sense of the word "Prayer." It tells us of the gradual deepening and growing of the soul's love for God, of

¹ In the section on Meditation I am very deeply indebted to Fr. Wilfred Knox's book on *Meditation and Mental Prayer* for the general scheme, and for many of the actual phrases. Much of what is said here will be found dealt with more fully there.

the various ways in which it is expressed, of our development from one way of expressing it to another, and of various hindrances and difficulties which we shall find from time to time, some very large, some very small.

Speaking of it in a slightly different way, Ascetic Theology deals with the soul's journey to God, and tells us of all the different scenery and weather and helps and difficulties which we shall meet with on the way.

VOCAL PRAYER

Vocal Prayer is the expressing *in words* of our ideas and desires to God. It is called "vocal" from the Latin *vox* (*vocis*), a voice, because in this method of prayer we use our voice to express what we wish to convey to God. It may convey any sort of idea—prayer for ourselves or for others (asking for things), confession of sin or weakness, thanksgiving, praise, etc., just as words may convey any sort of idea from ourselves to any of our fellow-men.

Vocal Prayer is used very largely in the public worship of the Church, almost always combined with some sort of action, especially in the Mass and in the more solemn ceremonies. It is not, however, the most important part of the Mass, and it is not the most important part of the service of Benediction. In the actual receiving of Holy Communion, Vocal Prayer is scarcely used at all. In the recitation of the Divine Office, on the other hand, Vocal Prayer has by far the

most important part. It will be seen then that in the Church's public worship Vocal Prayer is an important part, but only a part, of the whole business. And it will be the same in our own private prayer. We shall always to some extent need Vocal Prayer, and we shall always be bound to use a certain amount of it in Divine Office and Mass; but some of the greatest moments of prayer in our lives will be those in which no words pass our lips at all, when it may be we express by some outward action our great love and desire to God, or perhaps when without any action whatever, God, as it were, stoops down and touches our soul with the fire of His Holy Spirit, and our little spark of love for Him just for an instant blazes up into a flame in which all unworthy things are burnt and dead. As we shall see when we come to speak of Meditation, Vocal Prayer may be of great service in fanning this spark into flame at times. And some simple souls have gone to heaven having never known any other than Vocal Prayer, though these cases are probably rare. We should study very carefully the other methods of prayer; and in order to keep our humility and to prevent presumption we should usually pray as our director advises after we have laid our spiritual state as clearly as we can before him.

The commonest forms of Vocal Prayer, privately used, apart from public worship, are as follows:—

(1) The "Our Father."

(2) The Psalms. All the great saints have used the Psalms very much in their private Vocal Prayers, as

well as frequently making use of parts of them for meditation and other forms of prayer. And our Lord used this form of prayer on the Cross.

(3) Such forms of praise as the Benedicite, the Gloria in the Mass, the short Gloria which we sing at the end of Psalms, the Te Deum, the Divine Praises, other Canticles such as the Magnificat and Benedictus, and other prayers such as the Anima Christi.

All the saints have used at least some of these over and over again, countless times singing or saying them to our Lord. And just as we grow to love best the old songs in this life, and we love best that they shall be sung to us, so it may well be in our spiritual intercourse with Jesus, Who loves us best in all the world, that we should sing to Him again those old songs which those who loved Him and served Him best used to sing to Him when they were on earth. So perhaps there will be joy coming to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, and to the saints and angels in Heaven, as they hear the old Christian words rising again and again before the Throne of God from these new Christians of this new age.

(4) And in addition to this, because we are His friends we may speak to Him sometimes exactly as we wish, saying to Him what is in our heart, just as we should say it to any other friend whom we loved dearly, and to whom we wished to give all our confidence.

Sometimes it will make our private Vocal Prayers

seem more real if we can get somewhere where we shall not disturb or inconvenience anyone else, and then just say audibly—in a whisper, it may be—our prayers to Jesus in the Tabernacle.

In Vocal Prayer our lips should move, and we should actually frame the words with our lips, even if we say nothing audibly.

People sometimes tell us with contempt that we apparently have nothing to say to God, as we have to pray out of a book. But those who make music for our ears on earth, playing on piano or organ or violin, most frequently play music written by the great masters of music. So when we pray to God, we may well make use of what was written down by the great masters of prayer. Never let us be ashamed of this. In all other departments of life we follow the best that has been done by those who have gone before us, *e.g.* cooking, house-building, doctoring, farming. And if in the end God means us to be leaders and to show people new ways, even then we must first learn to follow before we can lead; and in prayer as in everything else we must learn first the best ways, lest if we start off on our own we may do something very silly.

MENTAL PRAYER

In Vocal Prayer we pray with our voice, while in Mental Prayer we pray with our mind. But this is only a rough distinction in accordance with the meaning of the two words Vocal and Mental. For to a certain extent

our minds are used in Vocal Prayer always, for otherwise we should not know at all what we were saying or doing. And in Mental Prayer we may sometimes use our voice, and further, in some of the higher forms of Mental Prayer the mind seems to be scarcely used consciously at all. Also in both Vocal and Mental Prayer the affections are used; and behind both forms of prayer the driving power must always be the Will. But, roughly, the distinction of Voice and Mind holds good, and will help us to understand in the early stages of our prayer many things which, if we persevere and progress in our prayer, will presently become perfectly natural to us.

The most common form of Mental Prayer, and the form with which most people enter upon this kind of prayer, is called Meditation. Thus the majority of people should begin with Meditation; and all people beginning Mental Prayer should first try this way, and only if they have great difficulty with it try some other way instead, and then only after consulting some priest who is skilled in guiding souls in these matters. At the same time no one should hesitate to consult an experienced priest about his prayer when he is in any real difficulty, as we may be practising the wrong kind of prayer, and that is not good for our souls.

In Meditation we argue with ourselves, plead with ourselves for God—rather as if we were preaching a sermon to convert ourselves—blowing and blowing, first gently and then harder, at the one spark of love which

is in our souls towards God, until at last a little flame of love for Him breaks out in us, and leaps up to God, burning up at least some one unworthy thing in us before it dies down again, it may be until the time of our next Meditation. But we are better by that much, in that at least just one unworthy thing has ceased to be in us, or that we have set our wills—purified by the fire—to conquer some one evil in ourselves for God, to strengthen some weak place in the fortress of our soul, to confess some sin long hidden, or to love and learn better and more fully one of the wonderful beauties of God.

We may use for this “arguing with ourselves” either some heads of meditation given in some book, or we may use a picture, or perhaps a crucifix, or we may read and fix in our minds some incident in our Lord’s Life or Passion, or one of His parables or talks to His disciples, or sometimes other parts of the Sacred Scriptures, or indeed of other books. But the object is always the same—to stir up our spark of love into flame. And Meditation can never be a sort of dreamy period which we spend sometimes half asleep; the will and the mind must be working all the time, and working hard. We may not enjoy this as much as we enjoy some other kinds of prayer; but the results of our work—just as of any other work we do in our everyday life—will be apparent afterwards. The agriculture which we do in the garden of our soul will often be quite as tiring and dull as the agriculture we do in the grounds of our College. The garden of our

soul will follow the same laws as the grounds of the College. The garden of the College will one day become cool and pleasant and fresh for us to walk in, filled with flowers and fruits, in accordance with the amount of dull and hard and tiring work we put into it now. So the garden of our soul will become a cool and pleasant place for our Lord Jesus to walk in, in accordance with the amount of dull and hard and tiring work we put into it now.

The most usual method of meditation is as follows:

(1) REMOTE PREPARATION

The Remote Preparation consists in simply trying to lead our life from moment to moment as our Lord wishes. This will not mean that we shall always succeed, but that we never give up trying, beginning again as soon as possible after each failure. But this does not mean that we shall be content with any imitation of Christianity; rather we shall always be looking at the ideal set before us in the Sacred Humanity of our Lord, and always be attempting to follow it more closely each day than the day before, and we shall always be finding that this means carrying a Cross. There is no possibility of making any genuine progress in prayer unless we are prepared for this carrying of the Cross. Nearly all men know that this is true, and many give up almost all prayer, and rest content with a sort of imitation Christianity, because they fear the sacrifices or sufferings to which our

Lord would lead them. Much guidance as to our remote preparation for meditation may be found by simply reading and carrying out the teaching of the book called *The Imitation of Christ*.

(2) IMMEDIATE PREPARATION

This consists in the choosing of a subject for our next Meditation. Having chosen it, it should be read through overnight, or at least some little time before the time of meditation in the morning, so that it may have time to sink in and be digested, so to speak. There is no need at the time of this reading through to give more than ordinary attention to the subject, and having read it, it may be dismissed from the mind until the time of meditation, unless there be a particular desire to think about it.

If we are not using a book at all, then we should spend a few minutes overnight in reviewing the course which we desire to follow in our meditation next morning.

(3) OPENING OF THE MEDITATION

It is well to begin with some short Vocal Prayers, said kneeling. St. Francis de Sales recommends the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and the Apostles' Creed; others may use the Veni Creator or the Veni Sancte Spiritus. Various prayers will be found in most books of devotion, some useful, some less useful. Whatever

prayers be used they should only last a few moments, perhaps a minute or a minute and a half out of the half-hour's meditation time.

Next should follow a similar period of complete silence and rest before God, while thoughts of the things of everyday life die away in our minds. Difficulties arising at these times will be dealt with later in these lectures.

And after this there should follow again a minute or so of more complete silence still, when in our inmost being we place ourselves before God. With some people this is better described as an opening of the doors of our heart to God for Him to come in, remembering that if He comes in He must have our whole being to do with as He wishes quite completely. It may be a help at this stage just to whisper very softly to our Lord in the Tabernacle over and over again very slowly and sweetly the Holy Name "Jesus," or to use some little ejaculatory prayer such as the saints have used.

All this procedure should not total more than six minutes of our time at the outside. If it takes longer it must be cut down to shorter limits. The above three stages are like various small rooms we pass through on our way to the presence of the King.

(4) THE MEDITATION ITSELF

This may be made in any position that suits the individual best. If the meditation is made in Chapel, as

is customary, then the position should be reverent, and should not be such as to distract our neighbours. Fidgeting about should also be avoided as far as possible, as it may make our fellow-students' meditations almost impossible to go forward. Sometimes we may make a meditation at some other time or place; and then, particularly if we are alone—or if we are at some time alone in the Chapel—we may use any position or any gestures we wish that may help us.

Having settled in our position, we begin thoughtfully to consider first what is the lesson which our subject teaches us, then how it applies to us, and why it is necessary, just, desirable, or right for us to apply it in practice to our lives.

From this we proceed to ask ourselves how far we have in fact allowed the teaching of our subject to make any difference in our way of living and thinking and acting up till now.

If we are honest we shall most likely admit that often it has made very little difference to us at all, if any. Because it must be remembered that we are not asking ourselves what our life looks like to other men, but what it looks like when we set it alongside what Our Lord meant it to be when He chose us to become living parts of His Body.

When we realise how far we have fallen short of this, we shall consider what the reasons are which have caused us to fail, and then we shall consider what methods we are to adopt to improve our conduct for the future.

In a meditation which lasts half an hour, it is generally advisable, though it is not *always* necessary, to divide our subject up into two, three, or four points, considering various aspects of the subject, but all leading up to the same conclusion. But if this presents difficulties on any particular day, we may if we wish choose enough material to make three short and quite different meditations, not necessarily joined closely together in subject, except so far as they all lead to Jesus.

(5) ACTS

Either when we have finished considering all our points, or else at the conclusion of each separate point, we come to that part, or parts, of the meditation which must be to us the object of the whole of it, and that to which the whole meditation should have been stirring us up. This is the lifting up—or on our fortunate days the *flaming* up—of our soul to God. Sometimes our emotions will help us here; but if they do not we must lift our soul up somehow as well as we can, however feebly.

The effect of what we have done already will have been to excite our emotions to some extent by bringing more clearly before our minds the greatness of the love of Jesus for us, and also of the greatness of what He demands from us; and over against that we shall have seen more clearly than before the unworthiness of our love for Jesus in that we have over and over

again failed almost entirely to live as He would wish. We have done good things from time to time, perhaps pretty frequently, but we have not lived as if we were Jesus.

And so now we lift up our souls to Him in penitence for the past, in hope for better things in the future, with very great thanks for His patience with us and His long and loving endurance of our coldness and carelessness to Him, and in a complete giving of ourselves to Him, without any reserve whatever, for anything He may choose to put upon us or send us or allow us to bear in the future. At first we shall perhaps find it best to use definite Acts of Penitence, Hope, etc., expressed in words either taken from Holy Scripture or found in some other book. Later we shall use our own words, and in time probably (though not certainly or necessarily) no words at all. When we are very sorry for something in this everyday life we do not always—sometimes we cannot—put it into words, this state may sometimes be expressed in our prayers. Generally at first it is best to use words, or else there may be a danger that we shall merely kneel there vaguely doing nothing in particular, which is, as we have seen, not the object of meditation at all.

When it becomes a strain to go on with this stage of the meditation, we can either go on to the next point, if we have been making these acts after each point separately; or we can go on to the last stage of the meditation, if we have postponed the acts till after we have finished considering all the points.

(6) THE RESOLUTION

There should almost always be some quite simple and direct resolution which we can carry into effect that very day. It should *not* be merely a vague resolution that we will live a better life, or that we will be more humble, or that we will love God better. It should be something quite definite which we believe our Lord would wish us to do, or which we desire to offer to Him in return for His great love, and which, though we may not like it, will be quite possible to do on that day before we sleep, or at the most within a very few days.

It should be noted that to break such a resolution is not *in itself* a sin. Whether sin be involved or not will depend on what the resolution may have been. If, for instance, our resolution be that we will not lose our temper that day with anyone, no matter under what provocation, and then we break our resolution by actually losing our temper that day, then we must repent of the sin of having lost our temper, not of having broken our resolution. But we have definitely committed sin, because to lose our temper is a sin in any case, quite apart from whether we have made any resolution about it or not. But if our resolution be to say some extra prayer above what we are bound to, or to inflict pain on ourselves, or to rise in the night and pray, and we then break such a resolution, then we have not committed sin, because we are not bound under pain of sin to say extra prayers, or to inflict pain upon ourselves, or to rise in the night and pray,

although all these things may be, and often are, ways in which a human being may outwardly and visibly try to show his love to Jesus.

The Resolution *may* be the same on two or three consecutive days, but it is not good to continue this making of the same resolution for more than about three days in succession. It is best then to turn to another resolution, returning in a week or two to the first one if necessary.

Sometimes the resolution may be compared to a man looking round his garden at the beginning of the day, to see whether his fence needs repairing or strengthening, and then setting himself for the rest of the day to mend it. Sometimes it may be compared to the same man deciding to plant certain flowers or useful herbs in his garden. Sometimes, also, it may be compared to his deciding to kill or uproot certain evil weeds before that day is over. But there may be other kinds of resolutions after meditation which do not come into any of these classes.

(7) THE COLLOQUY

A very few moments at the end should be given to an informal talk with our Lord, telling Him how and where you think you have failed in this meditation, and telling Him of your resolution, and asking His grace to keep it.

Such is the practice of Meditation, which is the commonest form of Mental Prayer.

ON CERTAIN DIFFICULTIES ARISING IN MEDITATION AND OTHER FORMS OF PRAYER

WANDERING THOUGHTS

Some people tell you, "You should drive out wandering thoughts."

This is wrongly put and misleading.

Wandering thoughts *in themselves* are quite harmless, just as foot passengers passing the window of a school, or even passing through the schoolroom itself are in themselves quite harmless. But if each time someone passes, the student looks up from his work and gives his attention to the passer-by instead of to the work he is supposed to be doing, then a good deal of harm is done; yet the harm is not done by the passer-by, but by the student's wandering attention. In just the same way thoughts of every description will often flit through the mind of a man who has set himself to pray. These in themselves will do no harm; but if the man's ~~attention~~ leaves his prayer and devotes itself in any way ~~to~~ ^{to a} ~~work~~ ^{chance} which he has set himself to ~~do~~ ^{thought}, then the particular prayer is being neglected, and harm is being done.

Now with reference to wandering thoughts, people tell us very often that we should either drive

them away, or make each of them as they come a subject of Intercession. The first of these two is clearly wrong, because if we leave what we are doing in order to do this driving away, we are not getting on with the work we set out to do for God. Our attention has wandered, and will keep on wandering, because chance thoughts will continue more and more to pass through our minds, and in the end we shall perhaps have done very much driving out, but very little praying. It would be like the child in school getting up each time anyone passed, and saying, "You must go away, please, you are disturbing me at my lessons."

The second suggestion, that we should make each of these thoughts as it comes the subject of Intercession, is open to two main objections: (1) Many thoughts are not in the least suitable to be made the subject of Intercession, except extraordinarily indirectly. (2) Intercession is a very good thing, but it is not what one set out to do at the beginning of that particular period. For the child in school to get up and fetch each passer-by in to the school and say a prayer for them is possibly a very beautiful idea, and excellent at its right place and time; but it is not the particular piece of work which is supposed to be doing at that moment.

So with these chance thoughts that often disturb us so, you will, if you are wise, treat yourself as the sensible teacher treats the child under his charge. Such a teacher will tell the child that he is not to mind what

or who passes by, but is to get on quietly with his work as well as he can. These thoughts then must be ignored, and allowed to go on flitting about in the mind. If they are definitely harmful thoughts, or if they are so persistent as to disturb us very much, we shall still do very well if we try all the same to continue with what we are supposed to be doing; but we may, if we wish, just make the sign of the Cross, and say, "Jesus, help me," or some short ejaculatory prayer of that kind, returning immediately to our work. Even if the thought be definitely evil, there is no sin, provided you do not desire it, and you have asked our Lord for help, and you are trying to get on with your prayer. Who would say that a child in school was sinful, because an evil man kept calling to her to leave the school, and go out to him, and the child, far from going out, asked the teacher for help, and then tried to ignore it all and get on with the work she was supposed to be doing?

This whole point is most important, and until it is mastered further progress in prayer is likely to be considerably delayed.

You are yourself both teacher and pupil. You are teaching yourself to pray. You are not very good at it yet, and you are often inattentive. But you are not wicked because your attention wanders. You need practice, like the child who has just joined Standard I. Don't expect suddenly to become qualified for Standard VII!

Some of what has been said under this heading of

our attention and idle thoughts is also quite applicable to the other great question as to the difference between sin and temptation, and may help us when we get into difficulties in that direction.

COLDNESS

Men come to me sometimes and say, "I used to have great joy and happiness in my prayers and my Confessions and my Communions. The Lord Jesus used to move me to tears sometimes. It was all desperately real to me. And now everything seems dead, and my heart is always cold and unmoved, and I feel a sham if I pray at all."

Well, first of all, What is your main object in prayer? Is it to produce a comfortable feeling? "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?"

Suppose two women praying one night in adjoining houses. One is full of the deepest joy and penitence—she lies prostrate before her Lord. She almost feels that if she were to look up she would see His wonderful Face bent over her in that great love of His. Nothing has ever been more real to her in her life than her prayer this night, and she would gladly lie there at His feet as the hours go by till morning. She asks nothing more than that she may continue to pray.

The other woman's heart is hard and cold, she feels. For months—it may be for years—she has prayed nightly, and all has been cold and desolate, and she is very weary. If for one second only she could be con-

scious of the presence of Jesus it would all be easy again. But that moment doesn't come, and she is very tired, and she wants to leave her prayers and to sleep. She can scarcely keep her eyes open any longer, and it all seems so useless, and she hates it and wants to stop. And yet she forces herself to continue until the prayer she set herself to make is finished. And she stays on her knees by a deliberate effort for one moment longer, and says, "Lord, I offer it to Thee, and I thank Thee for giving me the strength to go on just this one more night through the darkness for Thy dear sake. And one day, when Thou wilt, the morning will come and the light will come back into my soul."

Which of these two women is *giving* most to God? Which is the higher vocation, if there *is* any difference in their two vocations at all?

The truth is that all honest prayer falls into two main categories: (1) Prayer in which we are receiving from God, and (2) Prayer in which we are giving to God. That, I think, is where the saints most often suffered. And unless we are prepared to give in our turn, or perhaps, so far as we can, to give altogether, then our love for God may be really all right, but it will be one-sided and selfish.

Remember that all through.

But while you remember that, there are one or two things which may make it a little easier to bear;—just as a sick man may very likely have in any case to bear pain, but there are one or two things which may make it easier for him to put up with it.

First, if you are distressed because you are cold in spirit, then your distress is proof that you are not at that time really cold in spirit at all. You are distressed because between whiles you are cold, but you are not at that time cold. So you can actually cheer yourself because of your very distress.

You may be, then, mistaken, like the man who thinks he has fever, but on taking his temperature finds that he actually has no fever at all.

What you are probably suffering from is what is called Aridity, or dryness. It comes to every soul that makes any attempt to progress in prayer. In the lives of the saints you will find it described at every turn; and generally speaking the greatest saints have suffered from it most. It is the same with the spiritual journey of your soul towards God as it is with your earthly journeys. If you set out on a journey of any length in this world, walking on your two feet, you will pass through all kinds of scenery and all kinds of weather. The early morning may be green and cool and fresh, the sun not too hot, the birds singing, and the grass wet with the dew. In the heat of the day the dust on the road may be very trying, your feet may be tired and sore, and you may be very weary and thirsty. But still, though you may very greatly desire to rest, your way lies straight forward if you are to complete your journey before the sun sets. You will rest for a few moments by a stream; but even the stream you will not reach unless you push forward through the heat and the dust. And as you go on, you will walk sometimes in

the sun and sometimes in the shade; sometimes you may climb a rough and steep rock, sometimes your way lies along a cool and smooth path through the bush. Sometimes there may be a storm of wind and rain and you will be chilled to the bone; sometimes you will have a companion to cheer you for a mile or two, and then his way lies separate from yours, and you may never see him again. And always this one thing is sure;—if you are to complete your journey before the dark comes you must press on. Others may be able to sit comfortably in their houses or under a tree and talk and play draughts with their friends. You must press on.

So it is with the journey of your soul to God. And when you are climbing a steep piece of rock, or the afternoon tornado descends upon you, or your way separates by some dark river from the way of your friend whom you love, or the dust and the heat and the weariness make you almost certain that you cannot go on, your way still lies straight forward. Resting-places there will be by the way-side, wonderful little green glades where we walk with God and renew our strength, fountains at which we drink and go forward again for a while like giants;—wonderful days when we walk in the greatest love and comradeship with some fellow-traveller: but they are all only the joys of the journey. We have not yet reached the final joy and rest of the end of our journey, and we never shall unless we press forward each day. And always there will be from time to time difficult pieces of country

and times of bad weather. And when these come to us let us remember this business of our journey; and don't let us heed the devil when he whispers in our ear that we must be very wicked because our hearts are cold, or because we are tired and don't want to go on.

All that matters is not whether we *want* to go on or not, but whether we actually *do* go on or not. That is all that affects the question as to whether or not we shall ever reach our Home.

There are one or two other ways of regarding this matter which may help us when the very difficult times come to us, when all is cold and dark and we seem to have no spirit to go forward any more.

(1) Sometimes—usually near the beginning of our life for Jesus, and to many people not more than two or three times in life altogether—God takes us, as it were, up into a high mountain, away above all the worries and sorrows and troubles of our everyday life; and away in the distance, quite clear and shining and golden, He shows us the Heavenly City, our home to which we are journeying. We know that it is a long way, but we can see so clearly how we are to get there. We shall go presently down the mountain-side, and along that road, then through those miles of bush-path, across that desert, along the bed of that river, over those two ranges of hills, through that forest beyond, then along that difficult path across the face of that precipice, over that rocky ridge, and we shall be home. We can see it all; and though we know it will be a wearisome journey, yet it is quite clear, and we know

that the journey is a possible one to make, and that one day we shall reach the end of it, and see the vision of God's beauty. Yes, you and I will at last look with these eyes of ours upon the Face of Jesus. It is for the moment like our mountain of transfiguration; the angels feed us with heavenly food, and courage and hope spring up in us.

And then we set out on the journey, and we come down from the mountain and start on the route we had seen so clearly from the top. But now we can see nothing but the hardness of the road and the dust and the heat and the difficulty. We cannot see the Heavenly City, and we are very tired, and the insects bite, and there are snakes in the grass, and the rocks cut our feet, and the precipice is so steep that any man surely must fear to walk along the path. Well, when that happens to you, remember that God showed it all to you once very clearly, and that you will find your way now by continuing to go along the road which you mapped out from the mountain-top when you could see, just as a man in a dark room in the night must find his way about by what he remembers of it when it was light. And once or twice in your journey perhaps you will come to a little hill again, and from the top of it you may just catch a glimpse again of the Heavenly City for a moment as you pass; and you will see that it has come nearer to you, or that *you* have come nearer to *it*.

(2) And then remember that this period of darkness and coldness when it comes is the first great question

or test that God has put to us. There have been other questions and tests, but this is the first great and searching one. We have had great joy in our religion for some time, and though the practice of it may have been externally difficult, yet internally it has been easy and we have wanted to practise it. And then one day, as it were, God turns to us and says, "Yes, you have served Me very faithfully for a long time. Are you serving Me because you love Me, or because of the happy feeling that I have been giving you? Is yours the love that must give and must serve just because it loves, or is it the sort of love that only gives when it is going to receive something in return? Do you worship and serve Me because you love Me and must do it even if all your life I seemed to give you nothing, or do you only worship and serve Me, because when you do it you have had happy feelings?" And then God seems to add, "Well, let us see which it is." And with one wave of His arm He sweeps away all the joy and colour and light out of our religious practices, and says, "Now, then, do you love Me enough to serve Me in the darkness and coldness exactly as you did in the light and joy?"

And that, if we could only not forget it when these times come, is the greatest chance we ever had of showing our real and true love for God. It is easy to do things for our friends when we are well and strong and we happen to like the tasks we have been set, and it may be all men speak well of us and say, "See how he loves his friend and what great things he is doing for

him." But one day the chance may come of doing something difficult and hard for him—something for which we shall get no thanks; and it may be that we shall be very tired and weary, and that we shall not feel inclined to do this piece of work at all. Then we may show our real love by doing as our friend asks.

(3) This can be put fairly shortly. It is that there is a great danger with all of us that we should think too much about what we are doing for God, and not enough about what God is doing to us. God is the Master Workman, working at your soul and mine, trying to make them what He would have them be. All the various events which touch our lives with joy or sorrow, with comfort or pain, or with the great love that God sometimes gives between man and woman or between man and man—all these are instruments which God is using that He may shape our souls with them. All the time He is cutting away and rubbing away and washing away at our souls, working down through all the rubbish and that selfishness which covers and spoils them, until at last—if only we will let Him work, and not keep on whining and wriggling and asking Him to stop—He will bring us clear and bright and shining, the one piece of true gold that was always in us hidden under all the rest, the Image of Himself in which He made man at the first. Trust Him, then. Trust the Jesus Who saved you to know what He is doing ~~and~~ me, and don't fuss and talk and think too much about what *we* are doing for *Him*;

because if we trust Him and leave ourselves in His hands, all that will come right of itself.

(4) By following the advice in the last section you will deepen your humility, because you will be forgetting self. If God were to give you to-day all the gifts for which you ask Him, you would very likely in a few days more lose your soul for ever through pride. God knows this risk; and it is only as our vessel of humility deepens that God can pour into it His most precious and abundant gifts. Also some of God's most important operations on our souls, like the most important surgical operations on our bodies, are, as it were, done under an anæsthetic. One day we wake up and find that something we have longed for during many years has come to us without our noticing it. This happens sometimes with regard to the growing in us of a real love for God, so that we would make any sacrifice for Him. We ask continually for this, and then one day comes some great sacrifice to be made for Him; and we find that we make it, and then we know that He has given us at last that gift we had asked of Him for so long. Sometimes also it happens with regard to our knowledge of God's love for us, a knowledge which very frequently does not come at the first at all.

(5) If our souls are to be the brides of Christ, then there will be first the time when He gives us many gifts and adorns us with gold and jewels, but there will ^{also} be the time when in a plain cloth we ^{would in the} compound or bake bread or cook a chop. And with it, as

the years pass, there comes a deeper and ever-growing love and a true sharing of His joys and sorrows and happiness and pains. We can't share only one side of His life. As a great priest said once, "There is more in religion than just receiving the ornaments which Jesus gives to His new friends."

FURTHER PROGRESS IN MENTAL PRAYER

In Meditation (as we have seen) we preach a sermon to ourselves, using all kinds of arguments and reasons, with the object of stirring up our love towards God, so that at the end of it we may talk truly and naturally to God in love. This is roughly true of all meditations, whether the immediate object of any particular meditation be to stir up sorrow or shame in ourselves or wonder at the greatness and beauty of God, or a keener determination against weakness and failure and sin, or whatever the particular object for the moment may be.

Now as our spiritual life grows and its meditations go on, and we come gradually further along our soul's journey, it will happen to many that they come to fall more deeply in love with God; and by degrees it ceases to be necessary to spend so much time in argument with themselves, because the fire of love is now well established in them, and it only needs a little blowing to cause it to spring up into a strong blaze. This often goes with a life of quite ordinary appearance. You may see something similar in the case of a man who has

some great sorrow or bereavement in this life. He may be acting apparently quite ordinarily; but it will only require some chance reference to his sorrow to bring the whole thing vividly before his mind again, and to move him so that for the moment it completely fills his life again, and he may even burst into tears. This may be caused by a remark of some one's, or by some few words in a book, or just from some train of thought of his own. Now as a man begins to fall more deeply in love with God, the same sort of thing will happen sometimes. His love is becoming so great that it only requires some slight reference in word or book or his thoughts to set, as it were, the whole thing off so that for the moment, at any rate, it fills his whole life; for a short time he cannot go on with his ordinary life and he must go away alone and be with God till it has passed. Such a man will usually not have to spend very much time over the arguing and considerations at the beginning of his period of mental prayer. His affections will generally—though not always, for he will still have his dark times—leap up towards God with very little provocation, just as a schoolboy can leap up when he is dismissed and is free at the end of school-hours. When this begins to happen, such a man is passing, or has passed, from Meditation into the next form of mental prayer; and this next form is called Affective Prayer, or the Prayer of the Affections.

After a long time, it may be, at this Affective Prayer, he will perhaps pass slowly into a further

stage, usually called the Prayer of Simplicity or the Prayer of Simple Regard. The fire of his love no longer needs blowing or fanning to bring it to a blaze. It burns continually and brightly, sometimes leaping higher, sometimes burning lower, but never dying down very low. Such a large fire will need much fuel, and you will find a man at that stage sometimes bringing all the costliest treasures he possesses and heaping them all up on his fire in sacrifice to God, not because they were valueless or wrong, but because he only cares that his love may burn more brightly.

This stage is spoken of as the Prayer of Simplicity, because it is not any longer made up of many considerations of the goodness, truth, kindness, forgiveness, etc., of God, or of our own failures and denials of Him, or of any other mixed considerations; all are summed up in the love that passes continuously from the soul to God. Just as in a great and deep love between two human beings, man and woman, or man and man, one does not any longer bother to consider whether the other is beautiful or kind or accomplished, whether great gifts and powers are there. All these may be there, and may have attracted us in the first instance, but now all that matters is that I love the other, and the other loves me. This does not mean that we shall be blind to defects in those we love; on the contrary, because of our love we shall try to help in removing them. And, of course, this is also true of the same kind of love between us and God; but because there are no defects in God this loving connection

works only one way, and He works continually at us, because of His love, to cure our defects.

It is also sometimes called the Prayer of Simple Regard, because it is not full of conversation or words between the soul and God, but is, as it were, a lover looking at his beloved. Words are not necessary, it is enough that the lover and the beloved are together. We talk a great deal to our ordinary acquaintances in this life, but sometimes we are silent—and perfectly happy—with our friends unless we have something we wish to speak about. It is so also with loving God.

Some men at this stage seem driven to go away from men and be alone with God, mixing either not at all, or to a very limited extent, with their fellow-men—in their silence and solitude almost certainly lifting up by their prayers many sad and sinful folk in the world who will never be reached or helped by word of mouth. Others at this same stage seem perfectly happy to carry on with every activity of life, mixing quite freely everywhere, simply feeling God everywhere and in every company, perfectly able to hear His voice and to see Him in all places and in everything. It is entirely a question of vocation, and of the particular life to which God calls a man. Sometimes He even seems to call a soul to a period of one of these modes of life, followed by a period of the other kind. There have been many instances of this happening both ways;—some people living for a time in the world, and afterwards in solitude, and some living for some time in solitude and afterwards in the world. An expert

spiritual director can usually advise, if given some little time to watch the case. It is not a business for a beginner to decide either for himself or for others. A good rule, if no expert advice is available, is to wait a year or even eighteen months or two years, and see whether the desire to change one's method of life becomes stronger, or fades. God will not leave an honest soul without guidance of some sort, either in exterior circumstance or interior disposition.

There we will leave the soul for the present, her gaze fixed on God, and God's gaze fixed on her in Love; as an old French peasant said once when asked what he was praying about so often in the Church, "I don't exactly pray, but I just look at God, and God looks at me. I don't know how to pray properly."

It is there that God will come to fetch you if it be that He calls you to walk in the high and wonderful beauty and danger of the paths of prayer that lie beyond. This is the furthest you may attain with the ordinary grace which is given to every man and woman; but any soul may reach this stage with perseverance.

DETACHED NOTES ON PRAYER

Impetration

Asking for things, either for ourselves or for others. Our Lord said that whatever we asked the Father for, in His Name, believing, we should receive. Yet there are cases where we imagine we have fulfilled these conditions, but do not receive. The following points are probably worth noting:

(1) It is not possible to ask *In our Lord's Name* for anything which is contrary to His eternal purposes. To take an extreme case, it is not possible to ask in our Lord's Name that a certain soul, for which He died, may go to hell. Nor is it possible in our Lord's Name to pray that the life of someone beloved by us may be prolonged indefinitely in this world (though it may be prolonged temporarily on one or more occasions in answer to such prayer), death being the common lot of men.

(2) It is quite possible that our ordinary reactions to suffering, in others who are obviously beloved of God, may be entirely wrong. It is almost certain, for instance, that had one of us had the making of arrangements for our Lord's Mother at the time of His crucifixion we should have placed her safely in Heaven before Good Friday, so that she might have been free from the suffering it must otherwise cause her. Our Lord, on the other hand, set her at the foot of His

Cross. It may well be that while sin endures in the world, suffering is the special privilege of those He would make His closest friends. Further, if we are really members of His Mystical Body, then, as with His Human Body, *He* may choose to suffer *in* some particular member, such as you or me or someone we love, whether (by the co-ordination of our will with His) we have been useful members or not. This subject might well have a whole paper devoted to it; but it is at least obvious, that if there be anything in this theory at all, some of the prayers we make for the removal of suffering and sorrow will be contrary to the highest good of those for whom we pray, and cannot therefore be "in our Lord's Name," although we may have *said* they are and may *think* they are.

(3) Other cases will occur to anyone who thinks about the matter, *e.g.* the case of the dying man whose soul is saved, but who, *if* his life were prolonged, would use his free will against God, and would go to hell. Further, there are gifts, material and spiritual, which would infallibly ruin the soul of the recipient if given, although at the time of asking this may only be known to God.

(4) None of these cases impairs our Lord's promise in the slightest, any more than the omnipotence of God is impaired by the fact that He cannot lie.

(5) Our prayers for others are much too frequently concerned with begging God to alter something He is doing or something which He has permitted. Our Lord said, "When ye pray, say OUR FATHER, etc." Suppose

then that more frequently than at present we take this prayer, and use it *for* the person or cause for which we desire to pray, whatever their need may seem to us to be. If this prayer is granted—that is to say if in that person or cause God's Name is hallowed, and His Kingdom comes, and His Will is done as it is in Heaven, etc., what more could we possibly achieve? For if that prayer be granted, the person or cause for whom or which we have prayed will be perfect, and no sorrow or suffering can matter in the very least one way or the other.

Other prayers, *e.g.* The Anima Christi, may be used in this way, with intention for particular persons and causes or groups of people—in fact for all the many intercessions we are asked to offer.

N.B.—A further development of this idea comes when we offer, say, a Gloria to our Lord on behalf of—or it may be in reparation for—those who never praise Him; or when we add to our night prayers one “Our Father” for those who never say any prayers to Him at all. This leads on to the whole question of penance and reparation offered to God for sinners and for the wounds and insults offered by the sins of men upon the Love of God.

PENANCE AND PENITENCE

INTRODUCTORY

BOTH these words really mean the same, *i.e.*, a holy sorrow for sin, and all the thoughts and actions which such a holy sorrow brings with it. In ordinary conversation the word penitence is often used to denote this holy sorrow, and the word penance to denote actions (either elicited or commanded) which we do because of that sorrow, and sometimes as a sort of sacrament or outward sign of that sorrow. This penance, or penitence, may be for our own sins as individuals who have offended God, or it may be for the sins of other members of the human race (known or unknown to us); because we are all living parts of the Body of Christ, and "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." In some sense our sin brings disgrace and pain upon others; and so also it may often be that the sin of others will induce in us a sorrow that God has been so offended, and lead us to take some action, interior or exterior, which may express this sorrow on our part.

In these notes we shall deal mainly for the present with that side of penance and penitence which concerns our own personal sins. And first let us get out of our heads the foolish idea that as we draw nearer to God (if by His grace we *do* draw near to Him)

there is less and less need of penitence. All the great saints have been great penitents, and they were those who have lived nearest of all to God, so they are more likely to know best. St. Paul to himself was the "chief of sinners." St. Francis of Assisi said to himself, "O Brother Francis, so many sins and evils hast thou done in the world that thou art deserving of hell."—(*Little Flowers*, chapter 9; See also chapter 3 of the same *Little Flowers*). St. Bernard says, "Would to God I were presented, not, as the Prophet, with a single live coal from the heavenly altar, but with an immense volume of flame, which might be sufficient to burn out completely the thick and inveterate rust of sin that covers my restless tongue."—(Third Sermon on the Glories of the Virgin Mother.) Countless other examples can be found in the life of almost every great saint. In these modern days you may find it still in all those who love our Lord best and who seem to us to be nearest to Him. Two instances will suffice. Charles de Foucauld, the martyred hermit of the Sahara, who was killed on 1st December 1916, cried, "My Lord and my God, how greatly I, who am so cowardly, have need that You speak to me of penitence and penance, that You make me love them, that You show me their beauty, that You make me see how inseparably they are bound up with Your love, and then that You tell me what I must do about it all, and, lastly, that You will help me to do what You show me."—(Retreat at Nazareth.)

Fr. William Doyle was a great Jesuit priest who

lost his life in the war, in August 1917, while taking the last sacraments to dying soldiers under heavy artillery fire. Of him the General commanding wrote afterwards, "I think that his was the most wonderful character I have ever seen": and a strong Protestant wrote in the papers, "Fr. Doyle was a true Christian in every sense of the word, and a credit to any religious faith. He never tried to get things easy." Of himself he says, "Meditating on St. Mary Magdalene I felt heart-broken, thinking of my sinful life in the Society. 'My Jesus, I can only offer my life in reparation. Take it all.' A voice seemed to reply, 'I accept your offering; spend that life for Me in sacrifice and self-denial.'"

These men lived very near to God, and it is obvious that as they drew nearer to God, so their penitence increased. As they became *better* men their penitence became deeper. We are apt to think that it is the men who are *farthest* from God who will be practising penitence and penance most, and that as we draw nearer we shall not need it so much; but it is so obvious from the above quotations that this is not the case, that we must seek some explanation of the actual circumstances, and then adapt our own lives to what we discover.

The truth is this. The veranda, or chamber, or hall, that in the half-light of a hurricane-lamp or of the early dawn seems to the steward-boy to be perfectly clean, when the sun rises soon shows many webs and stains which were not visible before, and as the light

grows brighter more and more becomes apparently in need of cleansing. So the soul that in the half-light of our early approach to God seemed clean, as we draw nearer to the Throne and the light becomes stronger and stronger toward the perfect day, will show more and more and more stains and webs which we previously had not seen. God is merciful, and shows us these things gradually, lest if we saw them all at once in a sudden flood of light, our souls might faint and die from despair at the dirt and stain and sin in us. But if the sense of sin is growing fainter in us, it is at least possible that the light is fading in our souls instead of growing brighter, and some serious step should be taken about it before we find ourselves in the night when no man can work.

“Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.”—(Rev. iii. 17, 18).

And so, if at any time you feel that your big sins are all in the past and have been forgiven, and therefore you have no present need of penitence and penance, and that the house of your soul is nowadays quite a fit and ready place for Jesus to come and talk to you in at any time, and that it needs no further cleansing unless

you fall once more into mortal sin, here are one or two ideas to have in mind on the subject:—

(1) To have unforgiven mortal sin on your soul is like having in your house a putrefying dead body, or a mass of filth, when an honoured guest may arrive at any moment. All must clear such matter from their house at once. Herein lies the need of immediate Confession and Absolution after mortal sin.

(2) But is that all the cleaning which you do to your house, especially when you expect an honoured guest? Do you not clean daily, and with special care when a guest is residing in your house? Jesus lives always, when you will let Him, in the little house of your soul, as He lived in the little house at Nazareth. Are you so sure that it is quite perfect, and always exactly as He would have it? So strongly have some of the saints felt this that they have even made their confession daily.

(3) In fact, judging from the lives and writings of the saints, if you are satisfied with your soul at present, then you should fear very much, and beg and beg and beg of God that He will let the light of His Holy Spirit shine clearly into every corner, and show you web after web to be moved and stain after stain to be cleaned.

(4) All this need not prevent you from being happy and returning thanks to God because you are better than you were, which is very likely the case and is a very heavenly and good thing to rejoice about.

(5) Set Jesus at the centre of your life, and decide all your actions by what He wishes said or done at each moment, and disregard entirely your own personal inclinations, except in quite indifferent matters. And even in these latter you will often find that on one side God more is *likely* to be glorified than on the other.

SOME METHODS OF PRACTISING PENITENCE AND PENANCE

(a) *For Our Present Sin*

(1) Our daily self-examination must be a real thing. You go out from time to time into your garden to see how your plant is growing. You don't fuss about it all day long, but once a day, perhaps, you go. God has trusted you to grow a Christian soul to perfection for Him. Therefore do penance.

(2) Make a particular examination each day (at some other time than your ordinary self-examination) on some special point suggested in the ordinary self-examination. Take one special thing which your conscience tells you of, *e.g.* losses of temper, dwelling on impure thoughts deliberately, wasting College time (which is God's time), etc. Make actual written notes of the result and see whether you get worse or better. If it is a help, make a sort of chart with a vertical line for each day, the taller line showing the day with the greater failures. It will look like one of those charts

that show us the relative amount of vitamins in beef-steak, brown bread, and some patent food. And take action on the result. Do penance when you fail, quite definite penance. Try a bit of fasting when you have given way to gluttony, silence as a penance for boasting, flogging or some other bodily punishment for love of comfort and ease or for impurity, extra hard work—mental or bodily—when we have been lazy. Only remember that all this is only valuable as being a method of prayer—a way of expressing outwardly your ideas, your penitence and love, towards God. It isn't always a bad or foolish method, as some people think and teach—it costs one as much as a torrent of words, and sometimes it costs a bit more. Anything approaching big steps of this sort should only be done after obtaining permission from one's director, but a director will probably not refuse that permission if he is satisfied as to the motive for asking.

(b) *For Past Sin*

Often men say, "Oh, but these are all forgiven, I need not trouble about *them*." When someone you love forgives you a bad sin against him, you desire to do things for him—additional things that you *need* not do, but which you *wish* to do in order to show your love and thanks and your sorrow that you sinned. As your love of Jesus deepens, so your sorrow for your sin will grow.

(c) *For Sins of others*

You and I are parts of the Body of Christ. As He loved to suffer in His Passion for *us*, so *we* may love to offer suffering for others *in union with Him*. Also of our love for Jesus we may try, as it were, to pour out at His Feet the *opposites* of the sins of the world, which wounded His Sacred Heart. So we may offer—it may be fasting over against Gluttony, whips and other pains over against Lust and love of comfort generally, prayer particularly—and perhaps for a long time—for those who never pray, thanksgiving for those who never thank, etc.

These are some of the ways of Penitence and Penance. In doing them two things should be remembered:—

(1) No extraordinary penance should be undertaken without permission. I repeat here this because it is very important.

(2) Penance which produces long and gloomy faces is doing more harm than good, and should be stopped at once if we would be saved. “Thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.”

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